

The

MY VISIT TO MANXLAND. BY THE  
REV. J. M. BACON

# Leisure Hour

ON THE RUINS OF ANCIENT TROY.



DOROTHY GWYNNE: A COMPLETE STORY.

MAY 1903

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SIXPENCE

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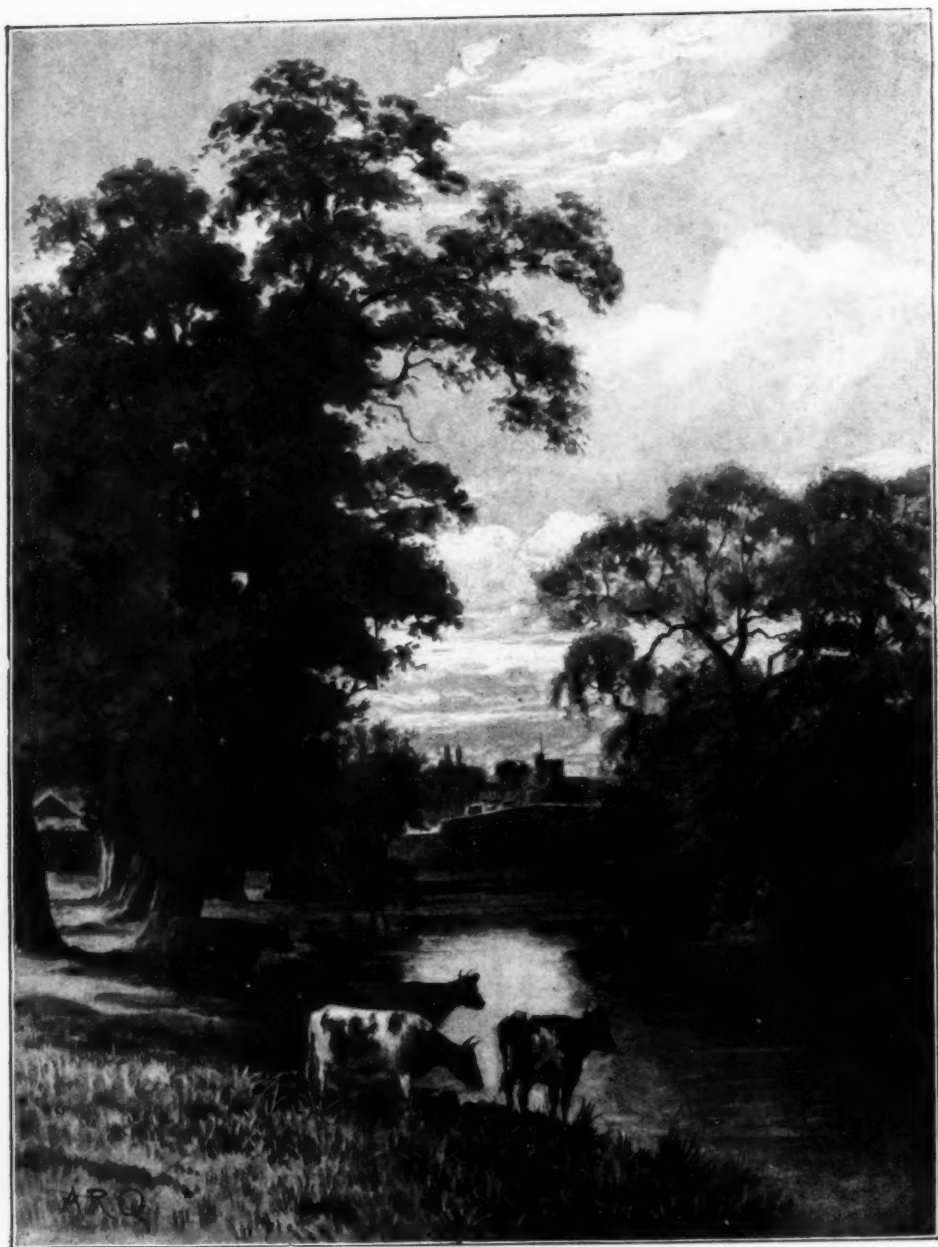
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# ON THE RIVER COLNE

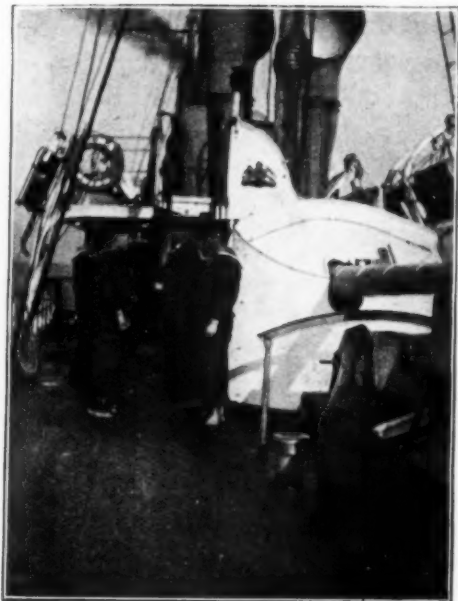
*Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by A. R. Quinton.*

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# My Visit to Manxland

BY JOHN M. BACON, F.R.A.S.



INSPECTION ON THE MAN-OF-WAR

THE visitor to charming Manxland is seldom in evidence out of season.

He comes not as an individual but as one of a shoal, or rather many shoals, that swarm across the sea from each point of the compass at certain definite times, and then the population of the country becomes trebled. At such times rival steam companies run their fastest boats, vying with one another in providing the best accommodation for passengers, and, even so, rarely avoid giving them some taste of the rough water for which the Irish Sea is proverbial.

It was the writer's happy experience, however, to arrive on this favoured isle of the sea by quite a new passage, and at an altogether unusual time of year. Further, he was destined to leave the island by a mode of transit which none among mortals had ever tried before—namely, by sky passage in a free balloon.

Let me state at once that I was taken from Holyhead to Douglas one glorious November morning as a privileged passenger on board a British man-of-war,

the happy individual entrusted with carrying out certain novel experiments under the auspices of the Admiralty. Such an experience can seldom come into the life of any one outside the service, and one or two photographs taken on board during early sunny hours simulating summer may be deemed not unworthy of passing notice.

Chief among the features on the deck of a service gunboat are, naturally enough, the grim engines of war. Modern quick-firing guns of various forms and variously located, according to the purpose for which they are required, intrude themselves boldly upon your notice as you walk the deck, or with sinister glance peer at you suddenly round the corner of bulkheads. Fore and aft are the long sleek barrels of the formidable *four point sevens*, trying, but vainly, to look innocent under a spotless coat of fresh white paint. There are the Maxims, and the wicked Whitehead torpedoes—all constantly subjected to close scrutiny and overhauling. But the crew for the time being have been occupied with other matters. The steam-cutter that brought over our



GROG TIME ON THE MAN-OF-WAR

## My Visit to Manxland



DOUGLAS HARBOUR

bulky balloon had to be got on board, and, with a smartness that must astonish a landsman, was just now being hauled up to the davits by the sheer strength of seventy men giving way together as only sailors can.

Then came sundry duties, followed at noon by dinner. And in due course the hour arrived for a function inevitably associated in our minds with the British Navy. I mean, of course, "serving the grog." A large keg, bearing the word "Grog" writ large and temptingly upon it, is brought up on

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TAPPING THE MAIN AT DOUGLAS FOR THE  
BALLOON INFLATION

deck, and its contents served out in methodical fashion to all the crew who desire to partake of the beverage.

That the stimulant had a due effect in raising yet higher the proverbial high spirits of the sailor there could be no manner of doubt. As for myself, however, I will own that I was as yet an abstainer. Moreover a soberer mood came over me, for the sun had gone behind a dun bank of cloud, and the sea was growing rough and rougher. I sat apart, writing my notes on deck until this became difficult from the fact that a

## My Visit to Manxland

gunboat is designed primarily as a vessel efficient in war rather than as a pleasure steamer, and big green waves are apt to invade the deck in rough water. I gave up writing notes and became contemplative, and then kindly officers would come and sit beside me and talk cheerily, and presently one informed me that more than one of the crew themselves were ill. I remember I felt much true consolation in the fact.



A MANX COTTAGE

After a passage unduly prolonged our vessel found sanctuary in the outer anchorage off Douglas, and my colleague and myself were rowed ashore, not without difficulty, amid the big sea mountains momentarily rising higher; and then on the landing-stage, reached at length, I was

greeted by a score of apparent friends who accosted me by name and escorted me to my hotel with excess of attention. Obviously tidings of my coming had preceded me, and I was pressed for information. In reply to which I remember saying, "Until I have had a mutton-chop I cannot be

civil to anybody." Whereupon half-a-dozen note-books and pencils were produced, and my friends sat by expectant while I made my meal. After which they asked, "And now what have you got to tell us?" to which, being pledged to secrecy, I answered laconically, "Nothing." The note-books were once again hastily produced, then replaced, and my friends withdrew. But they had their revenge. Next morning every word as I

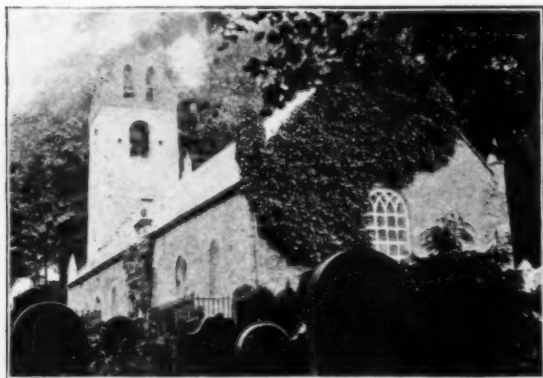


INTERIOR OF A MANX COTTAGE

## My Visit to Manxland

have given it was in the London press, and, as my officer friends put it, that mutton-chop had become historical.

Surely nowhere on British soil does one meet with such generosity, such true courtesy and kindness as in the Isle of Man. As an example:—It having become our first care to secure an adequate gas supply for the inflation, we found it necessary to broach the possibility of tapping the main in the very busiest spot in all the town. To this somewhat over-bold request, however, the gas manager raised no sort of objection, merely bidding us seek the consent of the police. But to ask the superintendent of police in an important town for leave to break up and obstruct the chief highway, might have



KIRK BRADDON, WHERE SERVICE IS HELD IN THE OPEN AIR IN THE SUMMER TIME

seemed a favour not likely to be readily granted. It was the equivalent of asking for the use of Piccadilly Circus to fill a balloon in. Yet this favour was immediately and right graciously granted, with the one essential proviso that the harbour commissioners must first be conciliated. For every day there was a boat going out, and later a boat came in; and our preparations, which might have to be kept in force for many days, would hamper the busy traffic down to the harbour. Yet even here no objection was raised, provided only the proprietor of the principal hotel, whose very approach we should bar, would consent to such a serious obstruction.

Suffice it to say, however, that not even this last seemingly most unreasonable request was denied, and so the main thoroughfare was fenced off with sub-

stantial barriers, so that through many days of wild weather which followed none could pass that way, nor any wheels reach the hotel entrance. And daily as the tidings of our arrival spread, crowds would hover round, and residents in their carriages would drive up from all parts, approach the barrier, peer down the gaping pit which we had dug in the roadway, and drive off again with apparent satisfaction. All this, however, was but a foretaste of what was to follow. For we became as favoured guests, free of everything and fêted everywhere. Clubs, the theatre, and other institutions were thrown open to us, and every form of hospitality and entertainment offered.

It is of the islander, however, in the simplicity of his home life that I would here speak. No one can claim more justly to belong to British soil. He is English and something more. His language, where you may yet hear it, is clearly closely related to Erse and Gaelic, the tongues of the sister lands. Yet withal there is unmistakable evidence that, as a race, they bear the characteristics of their Scandinavian forefathers. This is clear enough from the names you meet with at every turn. How should it be otherwise? Remember how their isolated situation must have largely preserved their characteristics, and then go back only to the time of our first Edward and you find them Norse by nation, and ruled for hundreds of years by Norwegian kings.

And there is no need of tradition to teach this fact to the visitor who knows Norway to-day. The hardy, thrifty fisherman to be seen everywhere on the Norwegian coast is to be seen equally in every corner of Manxland. Hunt out some genuine native homestead and you will see the same domestic objects, the same implements of industry, nay, the same dried fish hanging up, with the mere difference that they are herrings instead of cod.

As to their skill and hardihood in their seafaring calling I had sufficient proof. Detained at my hotel by stress of weather, and waiting impatiently for the abatement of the rough sea which day by day grew only rougher, I made a proposal to deliver



## My Visit to Manxland

a lecture on ballooning enterprise and research illustrated with certain lantern slides which I possessed. The proposal was readily agreed to, a night arranged, and all that was needed was to convey my slides ashore from the gunboat lying three-quarters of a mile away at her anchorage. But the seas were running mountains high, and breaking in columns of spray on the rocks above high-water mark. It was one of the wildest days for even a notoriously wild coast. Yet there were half-a-dozen boatmen ready to undertake the risky task, and confident of carrying it through. They would merely wait for the slack of the tide and then put out, but ere the tide had turned the gunboat itself was seen to be under weigh, obviously mistrusting her anchorage, and gliding through the deepening mist out to the open sea.

But the islanders are not only seafaring, they are equally skilled in such husbandry as their soil permits of. Thus the Manxman is at once a sailor and an agriculturist. Nor is this all. If you visit him in his rustic and picturesque homes dotted here and there among his romantic glens, you will find him, if no longer spinning yarn, still maybe—in hand looms, out of date no doubt, but by no means out of use—producing cloth and honest homespun not to be surpassed.

Speaking of their native glens, where are there to be found spots on British soil of rarer beauty? Single out the gems of scenery in Cumberland or Derbyshire and you will find them not only rivalled in the Isle of Man, but clothed in the richer growth of a climate that fosters even tender exotics through every season. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the same romantic country has reacted on the native population in a special but no uncommon manner. The silent secluded retreats among the valleys, the gloomy solitudes of the mountain sides, were up to comparatively

recent times tenanted in the imagination of the people with beings of an unseen world, and even to-day, though vulgar fancies may have died out, yet a deep-seated superstition underlying their religious feeling manifestly remains.

Unspoilt, however, by any contact with the crowd of trippers that for a few fleeting weeks invade their alluring land, you will find the Manx folk left to themselves are unsophisticated still, and I would add that they appear uncontaminated also by the vices of their neighbours. There is no visible drunkenness, no flaunting gin palace with its noisy crowd at street corners, an absence of rowdiness and of coarseness of speech or manner, or, briefly, of those odious

characteristics which make too many of our countrymen a by-word among nations.

Perhaps the characteristics of the people which chiefly impress every visitor to Norway are their cleanliness and their honesty. Certainly the same may be found among the native Manxmen. Honesty is, I take it, inseparably connected with an absence of greed and with an open-handed liberality which you shall find everywhere. Little acts

of genuine generosity, gracefully and naturally rendered, count for much in one's estimate of fellow-man, and these were apparent at every turn. A pint of varnish was wanted and obtained for a patch in the balloon, but the tradesman would on no account accept payment for what he regarded as but a friendly service. A message was required to be sent to a neighbouring bay. Well, there was a boat and the rowers were idle; they would go for the mere gratification of making themselves of use. Others besides Tom Moore have pictured an ideal Island Home, or have sought one out in southern seas or elsewhere, where they could find freedom from some of life's distractions or ailments. It may well be doubted, however, if there is anything beyond mere poetry in the idea



A MANX CAT

## My Visit to Manxland



THE START

of a sunny seclusion of perpetual bees and summer, while even from a health point of view there might be something better than a Samoa or a Madeira, where besides expatriation there is at least an absence of the amenities of English home life. But even as a genial health resort the Isle of Man must take high rank. The ocean currents, tempered by the Gulf Stream flowing away northward through the Irish Channel, washes every shore of Man and keeps the island at an equable temperature which varies only between narrowest limits.

But in imagining a land where circumstances should be ideal, why has no one thought of expatriating on a domain where there should be no factions; where legis-

lators should have no party bias, and where laws of the community should shape themselves? This is one of the traditional privileges of the little realm that ordains its own unique government, and whose quaint emblem and motto would seem to imply that in spite of any efforts to overthrow it, it will still stand firm. Doubtless every visitor to St. Stephen's is impressed, as he is meant to be, with the dignity and magnificence of the chambers of legislature so dear to the pride of Englishmen. I should question, however, whether the same individual would not experience a sentiment that would appeal to him in no less degree by merely visiting an historic knoll near the centre of the Isle of Man, and

telling himself that he stands on the spot where for hundreds of years in Manx and English each fresh law has been read out to a law-abiding people exempt from heated or rowdy opposition and beneath the free heavens.

Is it something in the pure air of Man that suggests the appropriateness of holding solemn gatherings under the open sky? However this may be, it is an eloquent fact, and one worthy of very thoughtful consideration, that through months of summer the worshippers of Kirk Braddon, overflowing the limits of their ancient and picturesque building, hold their services as in primitive days, a devout and goodly host under God's blue vault.



## My Visit to Manxland

Somehow certain hereditary characteristics that might be deemed eccentricities or anomalies elsewhere, appear perfectly reasonable in the island of the strange heraldic arms. You are not astonished to learn that women always used to be both the reapers and the threshers of corn; that no less than four Manx horses were needed to turn a furrow, while even today a cat without a tail looks quite in keeping.

But I learned a fact about these cats which perhaps it is no breach of confidence to divulge. They are extremely sensitive on the subject of tails. If an island cat possesses a tail—and owing to mixture of breeds a great number of them do—she does what she can not to betray the fact. Thus she carefully sits upon her superfluous appendage, and you require to go and lift the cats up as they sit on window-sills and doorsteps to learn if they are of the genuine Manx breed or not. A little while ago it was stated that there was a race of cats at



OVER RAMSEY

Victoria Station which were also tailless, and inquiry revealed a rather sad explanation. The creatures had grown numerous and over-bold, and were constantly wandering up and down the line, where they learned to avoid, and even disdain, the frequent trains. They would even sit close to the metals where they knew the passing wheels would just not touch them. But we know a cat's perversity, and how, when turned out of window, she will purposely leave her tail to be trapped in the sash. Well, we need not press our explanation further; the trains did all the rest. Let it be said, however, that a true Manx cat possesses not even a rudimentary tail, only a mere modest tuft of hair of nature's own designing.

The genuineness of the interest shown in our welfare, as also in our mission, was manifested at the end of our visit by the cordiality of the send-off that was accorded us. Fifteen thousand souls congregated in and about the open space where through the last morning the balloon was slowly filling, and by the hour of departure every adjacent avenue was congested and our hotel was crowded like a grand-stand from basement to parapet.



CROSSING SNAE FELL

## My Visit to Manxland



THE ISLAND RETREATING

A few busy, anxious moments ensued while final preparations were completed, shrouded the shores of Scotland forty miles away.

and then a wild tumult of hearty voices uprose as we mounted into the sky, retreating, as we still looked down on peerless Douglas Bay, grazing the very summit of Snae Fell, and so past Ramsey out to the open sea. The last we saw of the Isle of Man was a dark distant headland far below, fading behind us as we climbed high into the gathering clouds that as yet



THE ISLAND FADING FROM VIEW

# The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE story opens in an old inn in Paris in August 1714. There Rosamund Welby and her companion, Fräulein Groesbeck, are awaiting the arrival of Rupert Frayne, Rosamund's lover, whom she wants to detach from the Jacobite cause. In another room in the same hotel Gachette, Starbuck and Leicester North are hatching a Jacobite plot to intercept the new King of England, George I., on his way from Herrenhausen through Holland to London. They see a woman disappearing, and conclude that Rosamund Welby has been listening at the door.

Starbuck is the man chosen to go to Venlo and give the other conspirators warning of the route of the new King. On his way at night to meet them at Horst, he falls in with four armed horsemen, with whom he fights desperately. He is unhorsed and left for dead, after being deprived of important secret papers which he carried.

Rosamund Welby, remaining in Paris, is handed a letter, telling her that Rupert Frayne has been thrown from his horse and carried to a house at Vincennes. The bearer, whom she has previously seen in conversation with Leicester North and Gachette, offers to escort her to Vincennes in the conveyance which he has brought, and she goes with him. The carriage stops at the Château de Vincennes, which she enters, only to find that Rupert has never been there at all, and that she herself is a prisoner. Meantime Fräulein Groesbeck has persuaded Rupert Frayne to ride off to intercept on his own account the plotters and prevent the murder of the King. When she returns to the inn, she is horror-struck to find from Gachette that Rosamund has disappeared.

On Rupert's return, he announces to the Fräulein that the plot has failed, and that King George is safely on his way to England. Then he learns with horror of the disappearance of Rosamund, and vows that he will find her. Sitting in an inn at Vélizy, he overhears Dubois, the man who had carried off Rosamund, telling his story to his daughter's intended husband, from which he gathered that Leicester North had betrayed Rosamund's whereabouts. Then he puts up his servant-man, Silas Todd, to try to find out the secret of where Rosamund has been taken to. On his return to 'La Pomme d'Or' he finds Anna Groesbeck in tears, and learns from her that Rosamund's father has been drowned.

Silas soon makes friends with Jeanne Dubois, and gradually learns from her the place of Rosamund's imprisonment. He suggests to Rupert that it might be possible to obtain Jeanne's help in rescuing Rosamund, and adds that Jeanne's cousin, a master mason, is about to repair the roof at the Château de Vincennes. Silas then promises Jeanne a thousand louis for her father if he will help Rosamund to escape, and refrain from executing his warrant for the arrest of Rupert.

The Governor of Vincennes tells Rosamund of the warrant for Rupert's arrest, and tries in vain to persuade her to obtain her own freedom by renouncing her love for him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS

THE Lieutenant du Roi Bernaville was indeed a strict, nay, a harsh substitute for the Marquis du Châtelet during the latter's absence, as many prisoners in the Donjon found out to their cost, even if his strictness was not apparent to the solitary prisoner in the Château itself—to Rosamund. From the former he took away many little indulgences which the Marquis allowed them—such as the occasional use of tobacco and snuff; he caused one man's tame rat to be killed—a creature that, for months, had been in the habit of emerging from a hole in the wall and sitting perched up on the table while its human friend fed it with crumbs and scraps of meat; and he nearly lost his own life in doing so. For the maddened and exasperated prisoner—who saw the one thing in all the world which he had left to him to care for, beaten to death against the wall

until it was a lifeless mass of pulp—became so infuriated at this brutality that, with a cry of grief and rage, he rushed at Bernaville, who was looking on at the slaughter, and endeavoured to stab him with a knife. For which, as the records of Vincennes prove, the wretched prisoner was sent to the galleys for life, and finally died in them.

Such was one among a thousand of the small seeds already sown in the soil of France which were to develop at last into the full-grown Terror that was, eventually, to sweep away the principal prisons of Paris and their governors, and, with them, the heads of a king and queen, of the aristocracy, and of all who were not of the People. For one and indivisible that People had been for centuries in their misery and suffering, and one and indivisible they became in their retaliation—cruel and revolting as that retaliation was.

As regards Rosamund, Bernaville took no

## The Intriguers



"BUT THIS BERNAVILLE IS A MISCREANT"

steps, though, had he obtained his will, he would have made one change in her existence. He told the Marquis du Châtelet, ere that nobleman set out on his leave of absence, that it was a weak folly to allow her to remain in the Château living a life of luxury—of luxury!—and that it would be far better to have her removed to the Donjon.

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"*Ma foi*," he said, "it is good enough for her, an Englishwoman, as it has been for her betters before her. And her dwelling in the Château is troublesome, too. Every dish she eats of will have to be brought from the Donjon; better, therefore, transfer her at once, more especially since she will find some of her own kind there. There is the woman Laramie, the poisoner—she who

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## The Intriguers

slew her husband, and Marie Varanueil—a plotter like herself—”

But the Marquis bade him be silent, telling him that it was his desire that the lady should be treated in all ways as became one, and with fitting respect. And Bernaville, who had before now seen a phase of du Châtelet's character which had never made itself apparent to Rosamund—namely, his sternness and iron determination to be obeyed—was forced to yield.

“She is a lady, and a harshly-used one,” continued the governor; “and not to be brought into contact with such as those you speak of. And there is another thing I require done. The winter is upon us, and the roof has not been repaired, in spite of my orders being given. Why have not the masons come to do it and all other things needed?”

“They have been sent for,” muttered Bernaville savagely, while telling himself that, if he ever succeeded du Châtelet—as it was promised by a high authority he should some day do—leaky roofs would have to do very well for his caged birds; “and they are to begin directly. The lady will get little sleep when they commence above her head.”

“She will, nevertheless, get a weather-tight room,” the Marquis said. “When you send your report to me in Lorraine, let me hear that it is done.”

Wherefore, since du Châtelet was supreme in his authority, and, if disobeyed by any beneath him, even by the Lieutenant du Roi, could make his power felt, Bernaville was forced to comply with his orders.

It was, however, still open to him to cause his own substituted power to be felt by Rosamund, and he did it in more ways than one. On the pretence that, when the masons came on the Monday following to repair the whole length of the Château roof, much dust and dirt would be caused, he issued orders for the window of her room to be boarded up, and, in this manner, deprived her of one of her few pleasures—that of gazing out towards where Paris lay. Paris! where she had spent so many happy days once—even when she was a girl at school there—Paris, which, she had come to believe, she would never enter again. Never! since she was convinced now that she would die in this place—and that without ever being heard of again.

Then (having reduced the room, which, whatever it might be otherwise, was at least

a bright, cheerful one into which the sun shone for half the short winter days, to a dark and dungeon-like apartment) he performed another unpleasant act which was calculated to disturb her greatly. He placed sentinels outside in the corridor who were drawn from the Regiment de Monsieur—which was quartered in the town itself—they relieving each other by turns, but being never absent either by day or night. Thus, her sleep, whenever she endeavoured to obtain any, was broken by the tramp of their heavily-spurred boots upon the stone floor of the passage, while the clatter caused by changing the men in their turn would have been almost enough to have awakened the dead. And once, when Rosamund ventured to ask the woman servant of the Marquis (who had attended to her from the first, and who still did so) why this should be done, she received, for answer, the information that the mason's men were considered likely to be thieves who would possibly endeavour to penetrate into the Château and steal anything they could lay their hands upon.

“Though,” the woman said, “there is little enough to steal unless they break into the Marquis's quarters below. Up here there is nothing but broken furniture, empty rooms, some clothes left by former prisoners who—well, who did not require them any more where they went to!—and, also, the rats. But this Bernaville is a miscreant—ah!—bah! a fig for Bernaville!”

“Clothes left by former prisoners,” Rosamund thought to herself, after the woman had gone—“ay! as some day I shall leave mine, requiring them no more. God help me! God help us all!”

If there had been needed anything more to make her sorrow deeper than it already was, if her lot could have been made more bitter, it had been made so now by that which the Marquis had told her ere he went away. By, too, the information he had given her that the man she loved so fondly was in imminent deadly peril. In peril—for what? For that which she knew, which she could have sworn, was a false and lying charge.

“He, my brave, noble Rupert a would-be assassin!” she would repeat over and over again to herself, “he a man who would ride forth intent upon murder, and that the murder of one who was in truth harmless, one who did but clutch at the golden opportunity offered to him, as all others



## The Intriguers

would have done. Oh! it cannot be—it cannot.”

But, even as she so meditated, there would come to her the recollection of other words uttered by du Châtelet—a recollection that struck like a knife to her heart. She recalled how he had said that there were indisputable proofs as to the man who gave his name as Rupert Frayne being the one who set out with the hateful determination of slaughtering the Elector of Hanover—that there was one proof above all, which, in her eyes at least, was damning. The horse he rode was named “Centaur”; he had caressed it and called it by that name at places where he halted. And “Centaur,” she knew, was his favourite and most cherished horse; if it was indeed the animal which had borne towards Holland the man bent upon the foul murder of the new King, then that man could have been no other than Rupert Frayne. For none but he would have been allowed possession of the horse.

“Yet,” she whispered again and again to herself, “never will I believe it. Never can I believe that he who was to come to me on the very morning when I waited for him, and was to acknowledge that, for my sake, he would return to England and give in his tacit adherence to the new King—as I know, as I feel sure, he intended to do—can be a murderer at heart. Oh! it cannot be. Some trick has been played, some ruse.”

Though, even as Rosamund thought thus, another memory arose in her mind; the remembrance that, nevertheless, Rupert had not come to her, and how, for the first time, he had not kept his tryst; that, instead of being with her, he had been—where?

A recollection, this, enough to cause her heart to feel as lead within her bosom, or as though an icy grasp was clutching at it—as though the bitterness of death was engulfing her! For he had never failed before; had never stayed away from her when he had said that he would come. Never until this fatal day, the day on which, if du Châtelet was not mistaken, he was accused of having ridden forth from Paris intent on murder.

Amidst the noise of the changing of sentries in the corridor, amidst, too, the sounds of their rough, coarse humour and barrack-room jokes as they exchanged a few words while relieving each other, these thoughts were never absent from her mind by day. Nor, at night, were they absent

either. As she tossed in her bed they surged into her brain with renewed force; above the tramp of the man outside, above the humming of ballads in which one or the other of them would occasionally indulge; above a heavy snoring which sometimes reached her ears, whereby she knew that the fellows occasionally slept at their posts, those thoughts held possession of her. Those thoughts and still another one—awful—terrible—in its intensity. The thought, the imagination of what would be Rupert's fate if he were taken; of what would become of him, and whether he would linger out his life in some prison even more horrible than that in which she now was. Or would he be led at once to the wheel in the Place de Grève, or—which was an even more ghastly supposition!—would France in her timidity give him up to England and a hideous death? For, although the horrible slaughtering of Jacobites—the quarterings and the disembowelings and burnings—had not yet commenced, and, consequently, could not present themselves to the girl's mind, she had still sufficient imagination to understand that, for one who had attempted what Rupert was accused of having meditated, the retaliation would be terrible.

If it were true! If it could by any chance be true! But this she would not believe. No! not if they produced fifty thousand more pieces of evidence against him, all fifty times more damning than the incident of the horse. She would never believe it—never! She loved him, she worshipped him; she would never doubt his honour and his manhood.

To the above-mentioned disturbances—sufficient in themselves to have troubled the repose of even those whose minds were at peace—there came now, on the Monday after the Marquis had quitted Vincennes, others of an equally disquieting nature. From the moment the wintry dawn made itself apparent, there arose, all along the upper part of the Château, the noise of hammering and tapping on the tiles of the roof, the cries of workmen to each other, and the sounds of persons walking about on that roof. There came, also, other jokes to supplement those of the changing sentries; occasionally a snatch of song, too—bringing to Rosamund the recollection that these men were free, and that, therefore, their mirth was not ill-timed—and once a question was asked by one man of another which, for the moment, almost caused the girl's



heart to stand still, or, rather, the voice of the inquirer almost caused it to do so.

"If I had heard that voice elsewhere than here," she said to herself, "how my heart would have leaped for joy! But not in this place—not here. No! That is impossible."

Yet, if her heart did not leap for joy, it did, as has been said, almost stand still as she, pressing her hand above it, listened with all her ears in the hope of hearing more.

Presently the voice was heard by her again, asking for a hammer, while added to the request was an objurgation at the speaker's carelessness in having lost his own.

"May I be sunk," Rosamund heard the man say, "if I have not the head of a pig. *Peste!* Last night's wine must have turned this head. Now—where is the chamber where the gentle demoiselle is confined? Let us work lightly, since, doubtless, she sleeps, dreaming of her lover. Even though it cannot fly away, we must not disturb the bird in its nest."

"The bird in its nest" was, however, so much disturbed by that voice, gruff and coarse though it might be, that, had any one been in the room beneath the roof, and had there been any light in that room (which there was not, owing to the board-

ing that Bernaville had caused to be placed before the window), they might have thought

that it was dying. For Rosamund, "the bird," was now white as death, her breast



STOOPING RAPIDLY, SHE PICKED UP THE PAPER

## The Intriguers

was heaving piteously beneath the hands pressed to it, while upon her face had come a look that might have been either joy or doubt. A joy that she thought would kill her if realised—a doubt that, also, she thought, must kill her if it should be justified.

"Oh!" she murmured to herself, "oh! if it is so—if it is he!" And still she listened for more. Listened, and heard another voice speaking.

"The bird will be cold to-night, if we get these tiles off and have not time to replace the fresh ones ere we leave; is it not so? What say you, *bonhomme*? Eh? And you are none too adroit a workman."

"I shall be better as the day goes on. The air is cold up here, yet it revives one. Still, I will drink less in the future. Now, for work," and the words were followed by a clatter which showed that whatever was being done above was being done earnestly.

Beneath, Rosamund was standing transfixed, her back against the wall, her eyes staring through the darkness of the room to where her ears told her the men above were. For now she doubted no more—she was certain! It was impossible she could be mistaken. The man who was above, the man who said he had drunk too much over-night—who spoke in assumed tones of coarseness—was Rupert. Her Rupert!—and he had come to rescue and to save her! "Thank God!" she whispered to herself. "Thank God! He has found out where I am imprisoned, and he has come to save me."

Her own gallant Rupert! her own Rupert! and she might have known so well that he would do so—that—

"*Bonhomme*," she heard the second speaker say now, "you are working well at last. Soon the tiles will be off, and you will be at the lath and plaster beneath the beams. Be careful that you hurt not the bird in its cage. Let nothing fall in upon it."

"Hurt the bird in its cage," replied Rupert with a laugh—even as Rosamund understood that what he said next was meant as much for her ears as for those of his companion. "Nay! let it have no fear. It is not to hurt any pretty thing that I am here."

### CHAPTER XIX

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

THE tiles were off at last—the laths and plaster were pattering down upon the floor of Rosamund's room—there was

now a hole in the roof of about the circumference of a man's head—a glimpse of the blessed heavens above was visible to the girl again. Yet the light was once more obscured by a man's face appearing at the hole, while a voice, the gruff, assumed voice of Rupert, said, "Let any who are below stand away from beneath this opening, thereby to avoid the falling plaster." Then the face, his face! her lover's face!—stained brown as though it was that of a workman who was much exposed to the air—was withdrawn, and a hand tore away a little more of the ceiling.

Yet that hand did something else, too. It let fall from out its palm a tiny, rolled-up wisp of paper which fell at Rosamund's feet.

With a gasp she moved towards it, standing over the paper while, beneath her dress, she moved it with her foot towards the side of the room, not knowing whether some other eye than that of Rupert might not be able to observe her from the orifice. But, when she was well away from under that orifice, and, consequently, from any fear of observation, she stooped rapidly, and, picking up the paper, unrolled it and read by the light that there was from the hole: "My dearest Love,—To-night you will be free. When the workmen are gone, I shall remain behind. Silas is here—he has entered unknown to the jailers, and will go forth in my place, since we are all counted on coming in and going out. Directly darkness has set in I can release you. Be brave; I love you better than my life. All is ready for our escape to England. Be brave, sweetheart."

"*Bonhomme*," Rosamund heard the other voice say now, even as she pressed the scrap of paper to her bosom and lips, kissing it again and again. "*Bonhomme*, eleven strikes from the clock in the church tower. It is dinner-time. Who goes first, you or I?"

"You, if it pleases you. Confusion take me! I have no taste for food. That last *pigeolet* did for me last night. Oh! the drink."

"So be it. Work well while I am gone, thereby the bird shall be warm and snug to-night. And the air will revive you, it will bring back your appetite. Avoid drink henceforth. Otherwise you are lost."

Then, a moment later, Rosamund heard footsteps retreating from the roof, and guessed—knew—that Rupert was left alone above her.

## The Intriguers

"Rupert!" she gasped; "Rupert! Oh! my darling love."

Freed from its coarse gruffness now, clear and low, but in its natural tones, she heard his voice answer.

"My own dear one, all is well. The masons here are all in my secret and the master in my pay—even he who has just gone knows that I am no workman: his talk is assumed. Ah! my love, how is it with you—how have you borne this terrible imprisonment?"

"I am well—I am, I must be well, now I have you again. Yet how—how to escape from here?"

"Be at ease, sweetheart. All is prepared." Then, while Rupert still kept up some semblance of clatter on the roof so that none who might happen to be in the open place before the Château, and also none in the Château itself, should suppose that he was not at work, Rupert continued: "When night falls I shall let down a rope to you. You must adjust it to your body; then I can raise you to the roof. Thence I shall lower you to the place below—Silas will be there. In the forest will be a girl who loves him; she will have over her dress another one for you to assume. I have horses and a carriage ready for all. With God's help we shall reach the sea ere dawn to-morrow—soon we shall be in England. Be brave, my own. Hist! I must be silent. A man regards me from a window further down the Château; be brave and trusting. Nothing shall thwart me."

Then Rupert began to sing while he hammered away at the lath and plaster, and raised a cloud of dust around him sufficient to obscure him from any prying eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The winter night had come. It was close upon five o'clock and the masons were gone; the clatter of their work was over, while the ordinary silence which brooded over the Château had fallen upon it once more. In that Château itself no light twinkled from any window, while, near at hand, the Donjon itself towered dark and forbidding over the neighbourhood. All was black and still—still as death almost; the tramp of the sentries on the roof of the Donjon alone breaking the evening silence, while, inside the Château, no sound but the tread of the soldier marching up and down the passage outside her room fell upon the eager ears of Rosamund.

Yet she knew well enough that she was not alone, or only so far alone as one could be who was separated by twelve or fifteen feet from the man she loved, and with, between them, only a broken roof having in it an orifice large enough for any human body to pass through. Alone so much as that, but no more.

From that orifice above, which was open to the heavens, there dangled at this time a rope whose greyness cut the darkness that was all around; the cord standing out clear and distinct against the twinkling of innumerable stars in the wintry sky—a rope carefully looped so that, at the given signal, the girl could slip it over her left shoulder, and then, fastening it around her waist, it would be securely attached. All was ready for her escape; all except one thing now close at hand.

"Sweetheart," whispered Rupert from where he lay above the roof, extended flat, so that, thereby, he should not be seen by any who might be about in the upper floor of the Château, nor by the sentinels on the Donjon roof,—“Sweetheart, they change the guard as the hours strike. When that is done, be ready. Adjust the rope at once. All is as still as death, and, by God's mercy, a mist arises. Thereby we shall run less risk of being seen. You will be ready?"

"I am ready now. Give me the signal when it is time."

"Is your door locked from the outside or inside, or both?" asked Rupert. "Are you free from surprise?"

"Alas!" replied Rosamund, who was now standing upon her one chair which was placed beneath the opening, so that by doing so two objects might be served—one of those objects being that she should be nearer to the man she loved—so near that she could almost touch his lowered hand; and the other that their whispers might be as low as possible. "Alas! they lock it from the outside. Yet, nightly, I push the *armoire* against the door on this side to prevent intrusion. It is but a small crazy thing, yet it serves."

"Have you done so to-night?"

"Yes, after my last meal was brought by the woman. Yes—" then she broke off, saying, "Hark! the clock strikes. And I hear the other sentry coming to relieve the one now here. Hush, oh, hush!"

"Yes, yes. For a little while. I hear them changing the guard, too, on the roof



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of the Donjon. Then, when that is done, no more words, but away—to——"

"Hsh—hsh——" murmured Rosamund, "they are outside my door."

"*Peste*," she heard now the man say who had come to relieve the other whose watch was up. "'Tis a foul night. A fog arises from the marshes. It will be cold. How is it with the donzelle inside? Is her roof made tight and whole?"

"I know not. A curse on Bernaville for putting us here, and on du Châtelet for having the roof repaired. I could have slept this afternoon but for the clatter the workmen made. The roof would have done for any Englishwoman very well. Good-night!"

"Good-night. Fail not to return at day-break. I shall have a long night!"

With very little consideration for the Englishwoman—the donzelle, as he had called her—caged within the room, the fellow began to tramp up and down the corridor singing noisily to himself, stamping heavily on the stone floor of the passage, and objugating vigorously the cold and damp.

Then, when he had done this for some ten minutes or quarter of an hour, he suddenly desisted, and, being close to the door outside Rosamund's room, paused listening.

"What does she do?" he whispered to himself. "What? A chair within has fallen over or been knocked over—and—and—I could swear I heard voices—a whisper—a *hsh*. What!" Then he smiled a little to himself and chuckled, while saying beneath his breath, "No! no! Du Châtelet is away and Bernaville is in his own apartments, surely. Likewise, he is doubtless by now in his cups."

But still he listened—stamping his feet, however, on the stone flags, so that any one within that room should think that he was still patrolling the corridor with his attention unaroused. And once or twice he moved away a few paces and then back again. Then, a second time, he heard the chair being moved—it had been picked up, he knew. "What," he said to himself, "in the name of all the fiends is being done with that chair? What?"

Like many of his countrymen, like, also, many of the humbler classes in many other countries, he was possessed with an insatiable curiosity as to the affairs of others, while, to do the fellow justice, he possibly thought that, in his position of sentry here,

it was his duty to inquire into any suspicious sounds or proceedings that he became aware of in that room tenanted by a prisoner. Therefore, he determined now that it was his business to enter the room and to observe for himself, though wrongfully concluding that it was best to do so surreptitiously—a conclusion totally unjustifiable, especially when the prisoner happened to be a woman. With a strange precaution, considering the sex of that prisoner, he, however, determined that it would be best to go in thoroughly on his guard, and, consequently, thrust into the muzzle of his musketoon the long plug of the then somewhat modern *baïonnette*. Knowing very well, too, as all the sentries knew who had been on duty in the corridor, that the captive could not lock her door on the inside, he gently turned the key and, pushing the door, endeavoured to enter the room, while feeling the resistance caused by the *armoire* placed against it.

It was but a feeble, a yielding resistance, however, which was offered by what was behind the door, and, at first, the man thought that it came from the body of the prisoner in her endeavour to prevent his entrance. But, whatever it was, he had now got the door sufficiently wide open to permit of his entering the room, and of his seeing that, above the hole in the roof, there was a face looking down at him out of which a pair of eyes gleamed in the starlight. He saw something else, also, namely, the glitter of an unbrowned pistol-barrel which was pointed towards him. The prisoner, the woman, was gone, he recognised in a moment, and in her place had come a man evidently resolute and determined.

"Utter a word, a cry," he heard the voice of that man say, "and I will shoot you dead the next instant. I desire you no harm; above all, I desire to make no noise. Yet, if it must be, it must. What do you say?"

"This," exclaimed the sentry, who was no poltroon; and, in a moment, he was endeavouring to stab Rupert with his bayonet as he thrust his musketoon up, and up again and again, at the orifice. But, finding that he could not reach him owing to the height of the ceiling, and owing also to the other's opportunity for avoiding his thrusts if they came near enough to him by drawing his face away from the hole, he began to wrench furiously at the bayonet with the intention of tearing it out of the

## The Intriguers

muzzle of his piece, and thus being enabled to shoot the intruder, or, failing that, to give an alarm.

Such, however, was not to be! In a moment, Rupert, understanding what the man was doing, had let himself down from the hole in the roof to the floor of the room, recognising too that, above all, there must be no shot allowed to ring through the evening air!—and, in another, he had sprung full at the man, whose hands were, by Heaven's grace, close up by the muzzle and not down by the flint. For, had they been the latter, any sudden movement, any movement of them, must have exploded the weapon and an alarm have thus been at once raised; the other sentries off duty in the Donjon would rush to the Château—he would be caught.

And Rosamund was still on the roof waiting to be lowered to Silas below! That musketoon must not be discharged!

Even as Rupert thought thus—the reflection flashing like lightning through his brain!—even, too, as, with his left hand, he seized the man's throat in an iron grip—a grip that, ere now, had stopped a runaway horse in its career by the enormous force it could bring to bear upon the reins—he caught at the musketoon with his right hand while, running it down the barrel, he covered the lock with it. Then, having done that, he knew that he was safe from any report from the weapon. For now, if the flint fell, it would fall upon the back of his hand—tearing, lacerating it, perhaps,

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and crushing the bones—but still the powder in the pan would be safe—it could not be exploded.

But still the other hand held the man's throat as in a vice; Rupert could feel his grasp relaxing on the musketoon—had it not been for the darkness he would also

have seen that the soldier's face was already suffused with blood—that he was choking. A moment later the sentry suddenly let go his hold upon the weapon altogether, it being now in Rupert's hand only, while he began to beat his arms and hands in the air like flails, his spasmodic blows striking sometimes his antagonist's face, but, more often, falling idly. And at this instant Rupert let go the musketoon too; let it fall to the floor, after shaking the powder from the pan ere doing so, and, with his second hand now free, commenced to choke the life out of the man.

Yet there was no need to do that; no need, he told himself, to slay one who was already helpless. That would be murder and not simply a preservation of himself and of his girl—a murder! Above all, a murder that was not necessary. For

already the wretched soldier was senseless, or almost so; his inert body felt to Rupert like a log held up by his own strong hands; a log which, without them, would fall to the ground. . . . A moment later and he let it so fall, while hearing in the darkness, as it did so, a convulsive trembling of the man's limbs upon the floor. He was disposed of, Rupert knew—it might be that



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he would lie there helpless until they came to relieve him in the morning.

They were safe. Rosamund was free!

Safe and free! For, in another moment, he was back upon the roof—the rope, already fastened around her body, was

being paid out past the chimney-stack about which he had wound it earlier—while, after one fond, mad embrace, one whispered word of courage in her ear, he commenced to lower Rosamund to where Silas was waiting for her below.

(To be continued.)

## Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

### VI.—A Talk with the Editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Albert Dawson is one of the youngest editors of religious periodicals in this country, he has every right to be regarded as a personal force. In the past, and before he came to the responsibilities of editorship, he has interviewed hundreds of eminent persons on topics chiefly religious, and his most readable articles have introduced many of the leaders of religious life to a wider public than any of their books or sermons would have reached. Then, again, by means of his practice of stenography, Mr. Dawson has saved many of the finest pulpit utterances from that oblivion which otherwise befalls the extempore eloquence of a great preacher. I dare not hazard a guess at the thousands of discourses which have been reported verbatim by Mr. Dawson. Of Dr. Parker's sermons he was for several years the official stenographer, taking down from Dr. Parker's lips the contents of that masterpiece of original Biblical commentary, the "People's Bible" in twenty-five volumes. In the last year or two he has been exceedingly busy in editing *The Christian Commonwealth*, a religious weekly journal which has passed its twenty-first year, and attained, under Mr. Dawson's editorship, an increasing success.

"First of all, I should like to hear about your various interviews with religious leaders," I said to Mr. Dawson the other day in his office.

"Well, as they have numbered hundreds, it will not be very easy to make a selection. Naturally, I think first of all of my pleasantest experiences, and one of the most agreeable interviews I ever had was with

Dr. Perowne, late Bishop of Worcester. Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy and hospitality which he accorded me when I visited him at Hartlebury Castle. I had never spoken to him before, but he was one of those men with whom you felt at home immediately. He was a very good subject for an interview, telling me his opinions with a frankness and freshness which could not fail to make an interesting article. Another pleasant interview was with a Bishop which I recall was with Bishop Welldon, before he went out to India. I went to Harrow to see him, and had an easy task in conversing with him. There is a wonderful difference between men in interviews—some are so ready and so lucid, and others are diffident and involved. Of course, I should like to make it clear that I have never interviewed people without their consent and a formal appointment; and in nearly every case they have revised the proof of the article before it appeared.

"One of my most important interviews was with Earl Roberts, on his return from India. You may remember that various statements had been made as to the moral condition of the British army in India, by Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Bushnell. Well, when the Commander-in-Chief arrived on Saturday, I caused to be handed to him a letter mentioning that these statements had been made, and asking whether he would reply to what seemed so detrimental to his work in India. On the following Monday he telegraphed saying he would receive a representative of *The Christian Commonwealth* at his hotel in London. I went, and Lord Roberts was kindness itself. He

## Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

said to me, when I produced my note-book, 'Oh, do not take notes; let us have a chat about these statements.' So I put to him each charge against the military administration, and he replied categorically. That interview attracted a great amount of attention, and when the Royal Commission inquired into these matters, Lord Roberts was asked by one of the Commissioners about this article. It is such a use of interviewing which makes it really valuable, I think. There are many eminent men and women who would never find time or opportunity to write an article on some topical subject, who will consent to be interviewed. In this way the public get their opinions first-hand in a manner which is more attractive than the ordinary article would prove. Sometimes I have taken down verbatim what they have said in interviews, thus ensuring *ipsissima verba*; though my experience is that when a person sees you writing from dictation, his conversation becomes stilted and unnatural. An instance where this effect could not be produced, owing to the fact that the interviewee was blind, was in the case of the Rev. Dr. George Matheson. I had a delightful talk with him in his home at Edinburgh, and felt at the end of it that Dr. Matheson could have gone on talking with advantage for hours longer. His style of conversation was charming, and, whether it was because being blind he had no distractions, I have rarely heard such a constant uninterrupted flow of choice language.

"The mention of Dr. Matheson reminds me of another blind man, Dr. Milburn, who has lately resigned the chaplaincy of the House of Representatives, Washington. He told me the story of his life, and how he had triumphed over the disabilities which would have proved insuperable in the case of most blind men. You will remember how his prayers at certain national crises have been cabled across the Atlantic, and how his presence some little while ago in a London pulpit was so much appreciated. General Booth was one of the best subjects for an interview whom I have encountered. He kept steadily before his mind the aspect of his work which he wanted to impress on the public, and did not think of his interviewer or the newspaper he represented, half as much as the importance of saying what would do good. Dr. Parker was so keen on saying

what he wished to say, rather than what an interviewer might want him to say, that I recollect that the first time I talked with him he dictated questions as well as answers! But then few, if any of our great preachers, have been such excellent journalists as he was.

"One of the fastest pieces of interviewing I did was with Dr. Clifford on his return from America. I had written to him in America, asking him to write down some of his impressions in readiness for the interview, but when he stepped off the steamer at Liverpool he told me he had posted these notes from Queens-town to me in London! Accordingly I had to steal half-an-hour with him in a little room near the docks, and then catch the express to London. I had my typewriter with me, and I turned out my long interview on the journey, delivering it at the *Daily Chronicle* office about midnight in time for next day's paper. Amid all my interviews, one with His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador stands out. *The Christian Commonwealth* had been refused circulation in Turkey, and I wrote asking the ambassador to tell me the reason. He replied that I might call at the Embassy. In the splendid white and gold drawing-room Rustem Pasha received me most graciously, but when I asked why they would not permit the paper to circulate in Turkey, he said, 'Because it contains calumnious statements about the Sultan's government of the Ottoman Empire.' By and by he became more friendly, and I recollect he said that in Turkey there was more religious freedom than in England. This utterly new idea amused me, but he persisted, and adduced as an instance the prevention of Salvation Army meetings in the open air—it was the time of the riots at Eastbourne—whereas, he said, you may hold what religion you like in Turkey, and talk about it in the streets! Admirable interviewees were Lady Henry Somerset—so clear and lucid in all her speaking, whether on the platform or in private life—the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and Dr. Marcus Dods, with whom I had a memorable conversation on certain traditional beliefs. Can I forget his slowly-uttered remark, while he gazed into the fire, 'No, we need not give them up yet.' Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is another exceptionally good interviewee, as I proved when I went to see him at Liverpool. But one could go

## Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

on indefinitely, recalling past interviews with men and women who have affected the thought and life of the day. While the ordinary interview is played out—it ought never to have been played in—I feel that people will always be interested in a talk on some topic on which a man is an expert."

"And now, Mr. Dawson, what about the sermon, and its interest for the reading public?"

"It just depends upon the sermon. My guide to what appears in *The Christian Commonwealth* is, 'Is it interesting?' That may sound a platitude, but actually few editors are quite at liberty to consider the question as the sole guide to the contents of their papers. Some of our contemporaries, either for official reasons or some other, have to include a good deal which they would gladly reject. What I have said applies to the sermon, which is such a feature of our paper. If it is a really good sermon, it will add to your readers' pleasure, but few things are worse in a paper than a dull sermon. And reports of sermons are just as varied. It is rare indeed to get a verbatim report which is absolutely faithful. By this time, after many years of practice, I report sermons with the greatest pleasure and ease. I grew so accustomed to Dr. Parker, that, while my pen was travelling over my notebook, I could send my thoughts in quite

another direction, and then I have suddenly realised that I was writing shorthand! One of the preachers whom I enjoy reporting, though this is not an experience many writers might share, is Principal Fairbairn. His antitheses, his colossal sentences, are a real delight to write in shorthand. Many years ago, in the City Temple, I said to him after his first sermon there,

'Could you tell me one word which I did not quite catch, for it is a little difficult for a Londoner to follow your Dorio accent?' He told me what the word was, and with a smile he added, 'I hope the day will never come when I shall be quite understood by the Londoner!' The late Bishop Phillips Brooks was the most difficult preacher whom I ever reported. His flow of language was simply a torrent, and it was said that only the people in the first few seats in Westminster Abbey could hear every word he uttered. The Bishop of Ripon is another fast

speaker, but quite easy to report, because of the perfectly clear sentences which he utters. I remember his delivering a fine lecture at Grosvenor House years ago which lasted two hours, yet was delivered without a note. Mr. Gladstone was present and seconded a vote of thanks. It was one of the few occasions when I reported Mr. Gladstone, as I happened to be the only journalist present at the lecture. I find the Rev. R. J. Campbell is not an easy

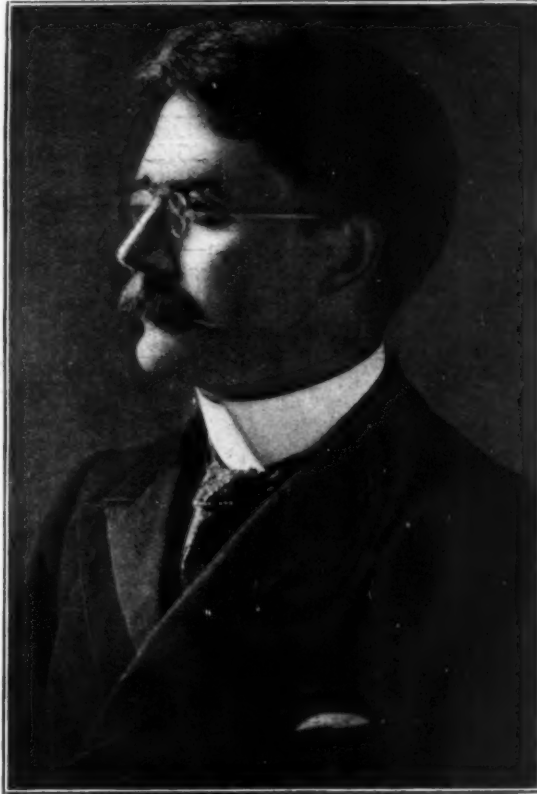


Photo by

MR. ALBERT DAWSON

E. H. Mills

Editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*

## Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

preacher to follow in shorthand. His memory for quotations, both in prose and poetry, is extraordinary, and he launches suddenly into such quotations without a moment's warning. Of public interest in sermons I see no decline, but rather an advance. We have so many fine preachers to-day, although few of the outstanding pre-eminence of Mr. Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, or Dr. Parker, and the reading public, clerical and lay, seems to be keenly interested in their sermons."

Mr. Dawson's reminiscences of his career

must not exclude a reference to his later editorial work on *The Christian Commonwealth*. He came to the task well equipped, and he has shown marked ability in the control of a journal which has a middle position between its contemporaries, and is meeting every week with more favour from the religious public. He has also been for years the English Editor of *The Congregationalist*, of Boston, one of the finest religious papers in America. Both in the United States and this country his *Life of Dr. Parker* has attained a large sale.

### PROPOSED EMIGRATION SCHOLARSHIPS

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." We are sorry to say that we have received no response to the appeal contained in our March number—supported by the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Aberdeen—to provide funds for the founding of Scholarships to assist deserving lads of the *poorer middle class* to emigrate to Canada.

We have received FIVE APPLICATIONS from lads who would like to be assisted to emigrate.

But no money is yet forthcoming.

All we ask for is £20 for each scholarship—£10 of this sum to pay travelling expenses and outfit, and £10 to be given when the emigrant takes up a grant of land or takes shares in a farm.

Is there none of our readers who will send us a cheque for £20 and thus help some deserving young fellow to make a start for himself in a new land?

Or, if you cannot send £20, you may be one of four who will send us £5 each, or one of ten who will send us £2 each.

## Memories

THE sweet Spring flowers! I can see them yet,

The primrose pale, the violet,  
And the golden, nodding daffodil—  
Through a mist of years I can see them still!  
And I was the blithest and happiest maid,  
As over the meadow-lands I stray'd;  
My hands were laden with blossoms bright,  
My heart as a singing-bird's was light,  
And never a sorrow marred my way,  
For the world is fair when the time is May!

In the Summer of life the roses sweet  
Scattered their petals beneath my feet!  
I plucked the blossoms in clusters fair  
To grace my bosom and deck my hair,  
And I heeded not, as I gathered them,  
The thorns that grew upon every stem;  
For their sting to me was a trouble small—  
One beautiful rose was worth it all.  
I took them together, the joy and the pain,  
And found that the sunshine outweighed the rain!

Anon, as the time passed on, I saw  
The ruddy tint on the hip and haw;  
The dahlias bloomed in the garden-beds,  
The sunflow'rs lifted their heavy heads,  
And the foliage deepened to golden brown  
Till the yellow leaves came fluttering down.  
And then, with the Autumn's wondrous store,  
A peace I had never known before,  
A mellow love, a joy divine,  
Crept into this happy life of mine!

Then the Winter came, and the snow fell fast,  
And my sunny hair turned white at last;  
But what does it matter if locks grow grey  
So long as one's heart still lives in May?  
And now, as I sit and dream like this,  
I feel on my cheek Spring's warm, young  
kiss:  
And two little hands, so lovingly,  
Have gathered the year's first flowers for me.  
How sweet is the merry voice I hear—  
"I've brought you some snowdrops, Granny  
dear!"

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.



# The Annals of Ilium

## A VISIT TO THE TROAD

BY F. E. CROW

THE Troad has been ably described by many authors, ancient and modern.

The winter is tempered by the southern breezes which blow from the Mediterranean, and the summer heat is modified by the regular return of the Etesian winds, depicted by Homer under the image of Boreas traversing the Thracian sea. Richly

endowed by nature, its fields and valleys derive their fertility from the streams which descend from Mount Ida. The plains of Troy are carpeted in spring with luxuriant grass, and spangled with a variegated mixture of poppies and anemones, interspersed with the iris, the daffodil, and the cornflower. The slopes of its hills are covered with valonia oaks, which again are dotted here and there in the cornfields stretching down to the tamarisk-bordered shore.

To a classic enthusiast, and especially to a lover of Homer, the site cannot fail to convey the most delightful impressions of beauty and romance. As the traveller rounds the fortress of Kum Kalé and enters Karanlik Bay at the entrance to the Straits of the Dardanelles, he sees before him the two promontories of Sigeum on the west and Rhæteum on the east, which bounded the camp of the Greeks, and where Ajax and Achilles had their posts; while to the south, hidden by the undulating hills which border the plain, lie the groves of Thymbra, where the allies of the Trojans encamped, and towering behind all these in majestic beauty rises the chain of pine-clad Ida, "of many forests and many fountains." To the left, across the plain, can be traced "the impetuous course of the Simoïs," the modern Dumbrek Su, no longer "impetuous," but now, during the greater part of the year, reduced to a tiny rivulet fringed with reeds, eking out its stagnant life among the stones and sand which mark the limit of its former wanderings. To the right is seen "the

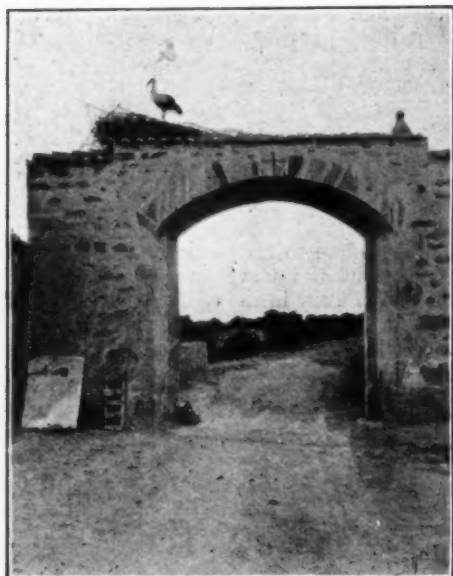
limpid stream of the divine Scamander," now the Menderez Su, a shadow of its former self, as it eddies along in sluggish, murky course to an outlet on the Hellespont. But the traveller who approaches the site of Troy in the right spirit finds an interest in every object—*nullum est sine nomine saxum*—as he peers keenly round



TURKISH ESCORT: MOUNTED GENDARMES

in order to discover some trace of the tombs of those famous warriors, "which were to command the veneration of navigators to the latest posterity." He gazes curiously at "the delightful hills" stretched along the banks of the Simoïs, and endeavours in his mind to identify their position and to appreciate their charm. His imagination dwells reverently on the tombs of Æsyetes and of Ilius, the mute spectators of the din and roar of Homeric battles three thousand years ago, and the hill covered with wild

## The Annals of Ilium



THE HIGH-ROAD TO BAIRAMIJ

fig-trees, which occasioned so much anxiety to Andromache, presents itself at repeated intervals to his enthusiastic vision.

In recent times Bounar Bashi, together with the rocky heights behind it called Bali Dagh, which lies about eight miles as the crow flies from the Hellespont, was almost universally considered to be the site of the Homeric Ilium. The first modern writers who combated this theory and asserted the identity of Hissarlik with Homeric Troy were Maclaren, Dr. Edward Clarke, and P. Barker Webb. The indications furnished by the *Iliad* seem to prove that Ilium was situated at a short distance, three miles at most, from the sea. Moreover, it would have been impossible for Achilles to have

pursued Hector round the walls of the citadel had Troy stood on the summit of Bounar Bashi. Many weighty authors, including Grote, Braun, and Eckenbrecher, have since declared in favour of Hissarlik. Mr. Frank Calvert, United States Consul at the Dardanelles, who owned a large portion of the mounds, dug some trenches on his property and brought to light remains of the Macedonian and Roman periods. He was, however, unable to continue his work unaided, and Dr. Schliemann, acting mainly on his suggestion, began his excavations there in the year 1871. The work after his death was continued by Dr. Dörpfeld on Mrs. Schliemann's behalf. A grant of £1000 was made by the present German Emperor, and, with the help of this sum, Dr. Dörpfeld made some of his most important discoveries, and laid bare the walls of Priam's citadel. The operations were suspended some four years ago. The total period, therefore, covered by the excavations is twenty-seven years.

I now propose to give a short account of a recent visit which I made to the Troad, and to briefly describe the mounds of Hissarlik and other sites of historical interest in that region as they appeared in the year 1901.

We landed, a party of five, at Chanak Kalé, the chief port of the Dardanelles, on August 27, this being the most suitable starting-point for our proposed tour in the



THE TROJAN PLAIN AS VIEWED FROM THYMBRA



## The Annals of Ilium

Troad. Here we hired ten animals: six riding-horses for the ladies and myself and two servants, and four to carry the baggage. A *zaptié*, or gendarme, escorted us, and a visit to the Governor ensured us all necessary facilities along our route. We took a tent for the ladies, bedding and camp beds, a couple of boxes of stores, kitchen utensils, a few small carpets and rugs, our own saddlery, and such other requisites of camp furniture as were considered indispensable.

Leaving Chanak at dawn on August 28, we crossed the Sari Chai, identified with the Homeric Rhodius, and proceeded in a south-westerly direction along the recently-made road to Renkeui. Our route lay near the sea. The road, somewhat damaged by winter floods, is completed for wheel traffic as far as Renkeui, a distance of twelve miles. The "talega," a kind of covered, seatless, four-wheeled vehicle, open in front and behind, and drawn by two horses, in which the passengers recline on cushions, can go much farther, and, indeed, carries the post as far as Bairamij,

a distance of fourteen hours, but the track is stony and broken and full of ruts and holes, degenerating in places on the hills into a mere mountain path, and often interrupted on the plain by the overflow of rivers and their alluvial deposit. Five miles from the town we passed the site of the Æolian city of Dardanus. The hill immediately overlooking the sea, on which stood the ancient acropolis, has been converted by the Turks into a redoubt, armed with long guns commanding the passage of the straits, which can be trained, if required, on the road and the country behind. From Dardanus arose the name of the castles of the Dardanelles, after which the Hellespont is

now called. According to Strabo, it was here that Mithridates VI. signed a treaty of peace with Cornelius Sulla at the close of the first Mithridatic war. The excavations undertaken have proved disappointing. A little farther on we came to the old quarantine station, and at the foot of the Renkeui hill, charmingly situated on sloping ground facing the sea, and half hidden among the pines, stands a picturesque bungalow, now much out of repair, one of the buildings erected here by the British Government in 1854 as a sanatorium for our invalided soldiers from the Crimea. The cemetery



THE ODEUM, HISSARLIK

attached to the hospital lies a short distance off in a wooded ravine. As the wall had fallen down and the graves were exposed to desecration, the remains were transferred last year to the Crimean cemetery at Scutari.

At an elevation of six hundred and eleven feet above the sea we reached the village of Renkeui, the ancient Ophryinium, situated on the summit of a steep hill which descends abruptly to the Hellespont. The population is exclusively Greek. It was the feast of the Virgin, and the shops were closed. The villagers, dressed in their holiday attire, were seated at their doorsteps or congregated in the fields, busy with their customary

## The Annals of Ilium

festivities. Here we left the main road and travelled due west, through cornfields and woods of valonia oak to the mounds of Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy, lying in the north-western extremity of the Troad, a few miles distant from the village and forts of Kum Kalé at the entrance of the straits. We encamped in the wooden barracks erected by Dr. Schliemann south of the mounds.



CENTRE OF EXCAVATIONS, HISSARLIK

Hissarlik, the Pergamus of Priam and the acropolis of Novum Ilium, stands at the western extremity of a range of low hills skirting the plain of Troy, and rises eighty feet above it. The site is about four hundred yards in circumference, and the area covered by the excavations is between four and five acres. Nine successive cities or citadels were built here, each one increasing in size as it rose on or was amalgamated in the ruins of its immediate predecessor. The five lowest cities are pre-Trojan, the sixth from the base is the Homeric Ilium,

the seventh a Greek city of the Alexandrian period founded by Lysimachus, the eighth Roman, and the ninth Byzantine. The hill has increased in process of time, both in height and bulk, in consequence of the masses of *débris* removed and thrown aside by successive generations. Artificially excavated, it has the appearance of a huge cauldron, in the centre of which lie the charred and reddened remains of buildings destroyed by a great fire. Trenches, dug to a depth of many feet below the surface of the soil, reveal huge blocks of masonry appertaining to widely varying periods. Some of these trenches are fifty-three feet deep. In the course of their work the excavators discovered quantities of pottery, stone implements, axes and hatchets of the neolithic age, whorls, coins, arms, gold and silver treasure, human bones, and many richly-sculptured fragments of marble architecture. The principal entrance to the acropolis, the Scæan gates, is still undiscovered. The site is believed to be at the south-east corner of the mounds, and if Dr. Dörpfeld, who continued the work after Dr. Schliemann's death, resumes his operations, he proposes to begin them there. In the same direction is a small amphitheatre or Odeum belonging to the Roman period, with a marble pavement formed of slabs bearing inscriptions brought from other buildings. The raised tiers of marble seats, which were perfect when first uncovered, have since been carried away by the Turks. Close by is a great wall composed of regular layers of wrought stones of the Alexandrian age known as the wall of Lysimachus, the foundations of which cut right through the walls of the Homeric Ilium. The Trojan wall was discovered by Dörpfeld about five years ago. It slopes gradually inwards from base to summit at an angle of some ten or twelve degrees, and is about twelve feet wide at the top. At regular intervals it has a ledge cut into the stone, running vertically down the wall. The stones are small and neatly put together. On the left of the Trojan wall is a massive wall of the Roman period, built of large blocks of limestone, with the builder's mark in Roman letters cut into the stones. This is bounded

## The Annals of Ilium

by another wall of Greek construction, still buried in the earth. At one point the Greek masonry is so close to the Roman that it is only just possible to pass between them. At another the Greek wall abuts on to the Trojan, and at another the Roman architect seems to have built on and welded his stones into the Trojan wall so as to form one solid structure. We passed through the jambs of a postern gate and climbed over the accumulated *débris* to the remains of buildings on a higher level. In the floor of houses, still sunk in the earth, are visible several wide-mouthed jars or *πίθοι*, standing six feet high, used by the ancients for keeping their stores. When first exposed dried grain was found at the bottom of many of them. At the north-east corner are several fine pieces of marble entablature, the drums of fluted columns, and a deep Roman well, from which was extracted a large head of Jupiter. The finest portion of the Homeric wall yet discovered lies at the north-east corner. It consists of a corner tower, very perfectly preserved, which has been excavated down to the base of its original elevation from the plain. Near it is a narrow staircase of the Greek period, and behind it a large cistern, with the remains of steps and a passage adjoining the Roman wall. On the north-east side of the mounds are three distinct walls of circumvallation—the outer Greek, the central Roman, and the inner Homeric. In a trench dug beyond these walls was found a marble triglyph with a metope representing Phœbus Apollo and the four horses of the Sun. Drums of Doric columns were discovered in the same spot. In the centre of the excavations are the remains of a burnt city, the second city from the base. The earth is of a reddish colour, streaked in places with tints of bluish-grey, and shows signs of having been subjected to great heat. The spaces formerly occupied by wooden beams are still visible, and, here and there, charred fragments of pottery appear among the red and yellow wood ash. While pulling down a wall in this part Schliemann came upon a case of treasure

containing many thousand articles of gold, silver, bronze, and copper; diadems, fillets, ear-rings, silver talents, gold and silver vessels, weapons, helmet-crests, copper cauldrons and shields. From the burnt city a sloping causeway, paved with large blocks of limestone, leads down to the base of the excavations in the south-west corner. No traces of Trojan masonry have been found on the west side of Hissarlik facing Sigeum. This fact coincides curiously with the tradition preserved by Strabo, according to which Archæanax the Mitylenæan built the walls of Sigeum with the stones of Troy.

From the top of Hissarlik the view to the north, over the Trojan plain, embraces



CALVERT'S FARM AT THYMBRA

the promontories of Sigeum and Rhæteum and the tomb of Ajax, called by the Turks "In tepé." The ancient bed of the Scamander is marked by the reeds and tamarisks which clothe its banks. The modern river, the Menderez Su, rolls along to the north-west, past the foot of Yenishehr, the ancient Sigeum, perched on a hill studded with windmills, overlooking the Ægean Sea. Kum Kalé, the ancient Achillæum, lies on the left bank of the river, with its two white minarets and rising citadel and the sand banked up against its walls by the east wind. On the northern slopes of Yenishehr are two tumuli, which mark the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus. Beyond, flows the dark blue Hellespont, with the Thracian Chersonese running out into a point crowned by a lighthouse. About twenty-three miles out to sea is the island

## The Annals of Ilium

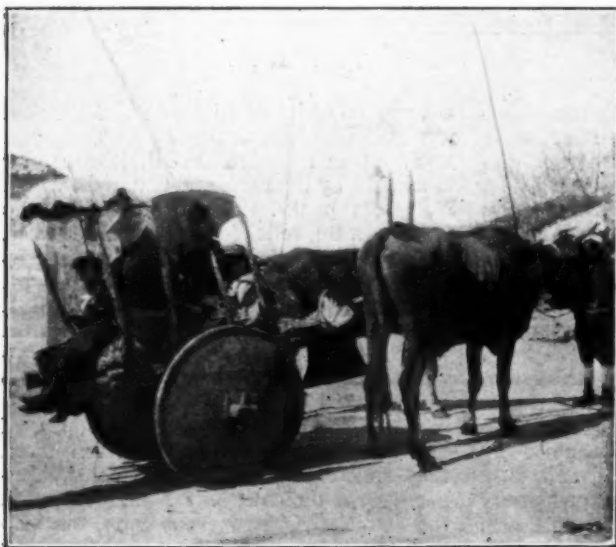
of Imbros, while above and behind towers majestically Mount Saece in Samothrace, on the summit of which, Homer tells us, Poseidon sat and gazed from his eyrie at the battle surging before Troy. To the west, skirting the Ægean Sea, are the legendary tombs of Antilochus and Æsyetes. The latter stands eighty-three feet high, and is called by the Turks "Ujek tepé." It is the loftiest of the tumuli in the Troad. Further to the west is Tenedos, five miles from the mainland.

We continued our journey on the following morning, in a south-easterly direction across the moorland to Mr. Calvert's farm at Thymbra, about five miles from Hissarlik. Here we crossed the Thymbrius, an affluent of the Scamander, and, following the Bairamij road, ascended the hills which separate the plain of Eziné from that of Troy, and descended again into the valley of the Scamander. These hills are called Dervend, from the guard-houses placed on their summit. The locality was formerly infested by brigands, and anxiety for the traveller's safety has led to the needless destruction of much of the beautiful pine forest which bordered the road. It is lamentable to see the way in which these magnificent trees have been ruthlessly hacked and mutilated by the axes of amateur woodmen in search of fuel. The forest guardians themselves are often the

worst offenders, and no care seems to be taken by the authorities to check the abuse. The sun on the plain was very hot and we hurried on to Eziné, leaving Mount Chigri, the ancient Neandria, to our right, and crossed the Scamander by a fine wooden bridge on stone piers, called "Sarimsak kyupru," or the bridge of garlic, which was erected last year.

The town of Eziné, ten miles from Thymbra, lies in the centre of a plain. It is the seat of a caimakam. Most of the houses are built of mud, stone being employed for the Government buildings and the residences of the more wealthy. The only shade near the town is that afforded by the groves of cypresses which darken the cemetery. The streets are appallingly dirty and dusty, and offer no inducement to the traveller to prolong his stay, and we passed on to the shelter of the walnut-trees on the banks of the Scamander, where lunch and a well-earned rest awaited us. After the sun had gone down a little we rode on to Turcomanli Oba, two hours distant from Bairamij, and encamped opposite Chali Dag, the site of the ancient Cebreu, on the western slope of which are the ruins of a Genoese castle. The authorities of Bairamij, solicitous for our welfare, sent out a couple of mounted zaptiés to find us and conduct us to a more suitable camping-ground, but they arrived about 10 P.M., when it was too late to move.

The next day we reached Bairamij. The town consists of about six hundred and fifty houses, and is the centre of the "nahié" or ward which bears its name. It has eighty dependent villages and a population of sixteen thousand souls, and is administered by a "mudir" or magistrate, under the superintendence of the caimakam of Eziné. It is also a "redif" or military reserve station, and a small depôt has been recently erected. The mudir received us hospitably, and introduced us to Yuzbashi (Captain) Ismail Bey, in charge of the Government saw-mill at the foot of Mount Ida, who very kindly



NATIVE OX-WAGON ON THE PLAINS OF TROY



placed his summer quarters at our disposal during our visit to the mountain. After purchasing a few supplies in the market we set out for Evjilar, some nine miles distant, accompanied by Ismail Bey. A ride of one and a half hours brought us to the bed of the Kizil Keui Chai, an affluent of the Scamander, where we rested awhile in a beautiful spot, overhung with large plane-trees, by the side of a running stream of cool water, spanned by a rustic bridge. The country became more wooded as we approached Mount Ida. The harvest had been gathered, and the corn, already threshed and in process of being winnowed, was lying in large heaps round the "harmens" or threshing-floors. The peasants, men, women and children, were resting from their labours under "chardaks" or arbours, made of the branches of trees roofed with brushwood, which afford an effective shelter from the noonday heat. Some villagers had placed a monster cauldron by the side of the stream and were busy preparing "bulgur." The wheat, deprived of its husk, was boiled and pounded and laid out to dry in large napkins.

Continuing our journey we crossed another stream, called Karanlik Keui Chai, and began an easy ascent to Evjilar, a small Turkish village of a hundred houses, about eight hundred and forty feet above sea-level, with a neat "tekié" or shrine, surmounted by a minaret. The village nestles amid vineyards and orchards, which clothe the sides of the valley, and the luxuriance of the vegetation is assured by the waters of the Scamander, drawn off by the peasants



KEMER. ROMAN AQUEDUCT NEAR THYMBRA

in canals to irrigate their plantations of Indian corn and water-melons. We passed two large cemeteries, overshadowed by lofty pines and cypresses and encircled by a wooden railing, to keep the goats and sheep from straying over the graves, and in another hour reached "Beylik Bitchki," the Government saw-mill, picturesquely situated in a clearing on the mountain side, and composed of log-huts and cabins for the workmen, clustered round the mill. Here we were most hospitably entertained by Ismail Bey, who lodged us in his wooden sheds under the shelter of the trees. The water, clear as crystal, drawn by a canal from the higher reaches of the river, rushed noisily past our sleeping-place in a narrow gurgling stream, and, carried along a wooden trough projecting from the mountain side to the shaft head of the mill, sparkled with iridescent colours as it emerged into the sunlight, and poured down in a glittering cascade of white foam into the valley beneath us. From these

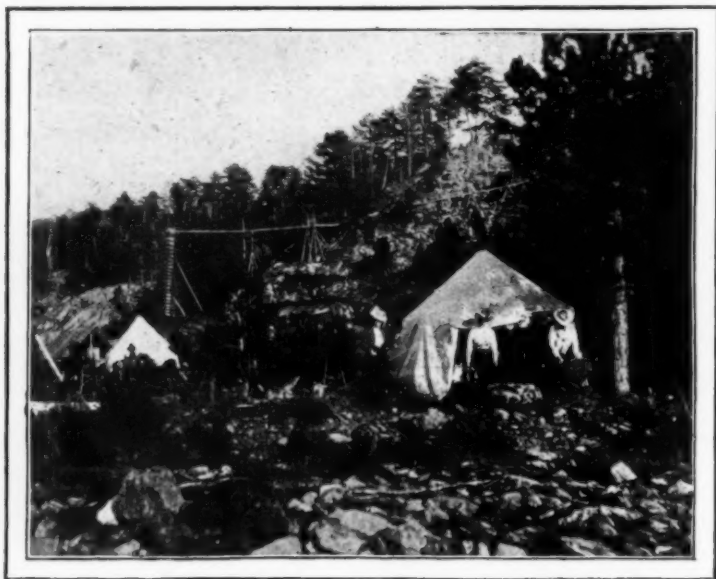


## The Annals of Ilium

huts, which command an extensive view, we looked through a cleft in the hills over the town and plain of Bairamij, where the banks of the Scamander, fringed with a dark green belt of verdure, mark the meandering course of the river as it winds westwards towards the sea. Fifty men are employed at the mill, all mountaineers and villagers from the neighbourhood, fine stalwart fellows, most of them over six feet in height. Though soldiers, they are allowed to wear their peasant dress, consisting of goat-skin shoes, white woollen stockings and loose breeches, a short jacket with

On the second day of our visit we ascended the mountain on foot, starting before sunrise and reaching the highest peak of Gargarus, 5806 feet above sea-level, about midday. A good climber can reach the top in six hours and descend in three, but we preferred to linger in the forest and admire the wonderful panorama which opened out beneath us as we attained the higher ridges. The road is good as far as "Ilija," an hour from the saw-mill, where we saw the hot mineral springs from which the spot derives its name, and explored the caves. The lower slopes are

a dense jungle, composed of pines, oaks, limes, alders, planes, walnut and chestnut trees, but as we climbed higher this variety ceased, and for a long distance we saw nothing but pines, these also finally giving place to the stones and bare rock which crown the summit. The ascent is very steep, and our progress was much impeded by the slippery nature of the soil, strewn with a thick carpet of pine-needles. The cloudless sky and bright sunshine led us to hope that the view



CAMP AT THE DITCHKI (GOVERNMENT SAW-MILL)

sleeves, and a broad red sash wound several times round the waist. The timber cut in the forests of Ida is floated down the river when in flood to Kum Kalé, whence it is shipped in sailing-vessels to Constantinople and Alexandria.

The trout-fishing was somewhat of a disappointment. There are several good pools, but, partly because I was ignorant of the proper fly, and partly, perhaps, owing to the stream being constantly netted by the natives, the fish were shy, and though I tried on and off all day in the shade, I only secured two trout. Those caught in nets were small, about six ounces and under. They are fair eating, though a little lacking in flavour.

from the top of Gargarus would reward us for the pain and trouble of the climb. In this we were disappointed. A thick haze hung over the more remote landscape, and rendered it impossible to distinguish anything very clearly beyond the country immediately at our feet. The coast of Europe, on the opposite side of the Hellespont, was dimly visible, and the Bairamij plain, with the hills bordering it, stood out with map-like precision in the nearer distance. Snow is preserved in a hollow on the summit, and the Turcomans have a small encampment, consisting of ten or twelve tents, on the higher eastern slope. We followed the crest of Gargarus for some miles westwards and obtained a fine view to the south, over

## The Annals of Ilium

the Gulf of Adramyti and the island of Mitylene. Thence we reached Caz Baba, the western spur, and began the descent by easy stages to the saw-mill, the forest gradually growing denser and more varied as we proceeded. During the last portion of our journey our way was lighted by resinous pine torches, which our guides cut from the stumps of trees felled along our path. At the bottom of the last hill some twenty of the natives, headed by Ismail Bey, came to meet us carrying torches and lanterns. The flaming pine-wood cast its lurid glare on our travel-stained procession, and heightened the

in the direction of Aivajik, to Chenarli Kuyu, a well by the wayside, two hours distant, where we encamped. Bounar Bashi consists of some eighty Turkish houses, and derives its name from three large fountains, the words meaning fountain-head. There are some gigantic plane-trees here, one of them measuring over forty-two feet in girth.

On the following day we passed a small river called Carayigh Chai at the foot of a curious circular hill, and reached the town of Aivajik in three hours. Thence due south to Behram, the site of Assos, on the Gulf of Adramyti, is about three and



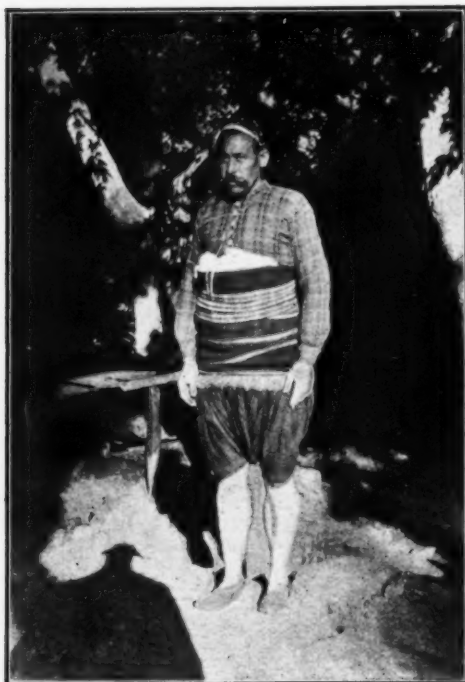
LEAVING THE BITCHKI, MOUNT IDA

weirdness of the scene by throwing up in red relief the picturesque costumes of the peasants who surrounded us. We had spent seventeen hours on the mountain.

Next day we left the "Bitchki," accompanied by the Yuzbashi, who rode with us as far as Chandur, on the Aivajik road, four and a half hours from Mount Ida. Our route lay at the foot of Chali Dagh, through the young pines and oak scrub which cover the spurs of that mountain. Chandur is an ideal spot for camping. Fresh water bubbles forth straight from the earth on to the crisp green turf, and continual shade is afforded by the magnificent plane-trees. Here we bade farewell to our host and rode past Bounar Bashi,

a half hours. A roughly-paved road leads to the village of Pasha Keui on the Tuzli Chai, the ancient Satniois. We pitched our tent on the banks of the river, near a stone bridge, to the north of the site of the ancient acropolis, which stood right on the coast 757 feet above the sea. The Turkish village of Behram lies on the north side of the hill, behind a quadrangular edifice with a low cupola, formerly a Byzantine church, now converted into a mosque. Close by are two square loop-holed towers, belonging to the Middle Ages, and two arched vaults, used as cisterns, with a stone staircase leading down to a well at the bottom. On the highest point are the foundations and pavement of a

## The Annals of Ilium



WOOD-CUTTER OF MOUNT IDA

Suleiman Tchaoush, one of the giants who showed us the way up Gargarus

great temple. The principal buildings of the ancient city, including the agora, stood on two terraces on the south or sea side, but the accumulation of ruins is insignificant and the marbles have been removed, Assos having for centuries furnished stones for building the palaces and mosques at Constantinople. The walls, built of large wrought blocks of granite, extend to a great distance. The most ancient portion of them belongs to a pre-Macedonian period. Later walls are built above fragments of more ancient ones, and the western wall is Roman. A huge sarcophagus stands on the northern approach to the citadel. According to Pliny the word sarcophagus is derived from a porous stone, found in the neighbourhood of Assos, and the remains of deceased persons placed in cases of this stone were consumed in forty days. Assos, like other Æolic cities, was self-governed. Under the Persian dominion the rich valley of the Satniois furnished wheat to the Great King. After the death of Alexander the town formed part of the kingdom of Lysimachus, and afterwards

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came under the rule of the kings of Pergamus, till, in 130 B.C., it was incorporated in the Roman empire. It was visited by the apostle St. Paul in company with St. Luke, and was one of the earliest colonies which received Christianity. Assos has been carefully excavated by the Boston Archaeological Society, but their work on the subject is not yet published.

We were much alarmed that night by the appearance of a large brown and white snake, which issued from a picnic-basket on which one of our party was seated at dinner, and rose up ominously on its tail when disturbed. It was dispatched without difficulty by the servants and declared to be quite harmless. Reptiles are common in the Troad during the hot season. A snake measuring six feet two inches, and of a very venomous character, was lately killed on Mr. Calvert's farm at Thymbra, where it had entered one of the bedrooms. This species is known to attack the ewes in the sheep-folds, and to entwine itself round their legs in order to suck milk from the udder. On another occasion during our journey we found a kind of centipede, over six inches long, in the horse-clothing. The upper part of its body was a dark reddish-brown colour and the lower bright yellow. It is called "chian" by the Turks, and is much dreaded on account of its poisonous bite.

Next morning we rode to Tuzla and visited the hot salt-springs, which are found in many places at the foot of the hills and in the river bed. The Tuzla Chai takes its name from them. Following the bed of the river, after leaving Behram, we gradually ascended the hills, thickly covered with pine, oak, valonia and walnut trees, past the villages of Hamush and Tabaklar, and reached the hills above Tuzla in four and a quarter hours. The place is called "Tuzla Kyupi," from the large jars of water which the villagers keep filled by the road-side for the benefit of travellers. The village of Tuzla, consisting of thirty houses and a mosque, lies in a large ravine about six miles from the sea. It is a feverish spot. Hot salt-springs bubble out on either side of the valley, and the temperature of the air is high. Above the village a fountain of boiling salt water gushes out diagonally, with great force, from the flat rock to a height of three feet. There are several smaller springs near it. The salt-pans, four or five acres in extent,

## The Annals of Ilium

are situated in the plain at some distance, and are in the hands of the Public Debt. We saw some fifty natives at work, conveying the salt from the pans in buffalo-wagons and stacking it at the foot of the mountain. The ancient city of Tragasa, which once stood here, is mentioned by Strabo together with its salt-works. Lysimachus attempted to raise revenue from these springs, hitherto untaxed, but, as the production ceased, he was compelled to remove the tax.

From Tuzla we followed the coast-line through the forest to Tavakli Liman, a port and small hamlet on the coast, four hours from Tuzla, where we passed the night. The peasants were gathering the valonia harvest, which is one of the great sources of revenue in the Troad and an important article of export. Valonia is the cup of the acorn, much prized for the quantity of tannin it contains. A good-sized tree, in a favourable year, will yield from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty pounds, representing eight to twelve shillings clear profit. The crop varies considerably from year to year and is much affected by drought or too heavy rains, which are equally injurious to the fruit. The valonia is knocked off the tree with long wands before it has ripened, and placed in the sun to dry. The cups are then separated from the acorn, packed in sacks and exported.

An hour's ride on the following day brought us to the hot springs of Ligia, which lie in a ravine close to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. A large khan, a bath-house, and several smaller buildings were erected by the late Governor of Biga, Jemil Pasha, and the baths are a favourite resort for persons afflicted with rheumatism or

skin disorders. The waters are saline and ferruginous, and much benefit is derived from their use. The site is covered with ruins which attest the importance of the ancient town. The remains of Roman baths are perceptible.

The site of Alexandria Troas is covered with a dense forest of valonia oaks, and the ruins extend for five or six miles. The remains of some of the ancient buildings still tower above the trees and may be seen from the coast. The largest ruin in the centre of the forest is "Bal Serai," Honey Palace, which is believed to have been a bath and



CROSSING THE SCAMANDER

gymnasium combined. The traces of a large hall, running the entire length of the building, are behind, and enclosing the palace is a massive wall, pierced with a regular series of arched vaults. There are also the ruins of a water conduit and those of several other large edifices.

We passed on to the village of Dalian, and saw lying near the sea-shore large numbers of granite cannon-balls, cut by the Turks from the columns of Alexandria Troas. Three hours' ride brought us to the village of Gheykli, where we halted for lunch. We returned from there to Mr. Calvert's farm at Thymbra, where we arrived the same evening.



# Dorothy Gwynne

BY HARRY DAVIES

## I

ON the northern heights of the valley, where the mountains intersected it at right angles, and stood massed in jagged and irregular formation against the

sky, a marvellous stillness ever pervaded the air. Upon these bleak and desolate uplands no woods ever grew. The hills rose in billowy succession, their barren, rounded summits unrelieved, save here and there by a rough wall, which marked a property

limit; or a rain-washed ventilation shaft of the colliery whose dark workings lay far beneath their surface; or a solitary farmhouse standing out in loneliness far up the great sweep of their slopes. In the sheltered part of the deep and narrow dells which went winding between them a few hardy trees found existence, but they were all stunted in growth, and their leaves died early in the year.

In these bare regions Nature was ever at her wildest, and most impressive. Even in her silence there was a grandeur which belonged not to the gentler world of woods and fields stretching down the



A GIRL STOOD AT THE DOOR ONE AUTUMN AFTERNOON, AND  
LOOKED OUT TOWARDS THE SUNSET



valley to the south. Few sounds ever rose upon these remote stretches other than the hum of the heather in the sweet fresh wind, the tinkling of sheep-bells, the song of birds, the barking of dogs, or the lowing of cattle from the lonely farms, and sometimes the gigantic roar of a storm as it swept with fury over these exposed heights.

A grey weather-beaten farmhouse stood on one of the slopes of the hills looking to the west. From its windows there was nothing to be seen save barren mountain summits stretching away in rolling succession to the horizon. Around its out-houses grew a few trees, and a stretch of arid garden behind it, bounded by a high wall, broke the monotony of the bare mountain-side.

A girl stood at the door of the house one autumn afternoon, and looked out towards the sunset, shading her eyes with her hand. She was watching the rough pony-track which led over the opposite hill, and so down into the dell below the farm. So great was the sweep of the slope that the path, seen from the farmhouse, seemed but as a strip of narrow ribbon laid windingly upon the mountain-side. The lowing of cattle came up clearly upon the crisp air from a distant farm. The larks carolled an exultant song as they rose from the short sweet grass. The sun sank behind the western summits, leaving a wonderful shimmering radiance in the air—a palpitating luminous afterglow, that lit up as with touch of painter's brush the rugged landscape. And still the girl watched the opposite hill.

As she stood there, leaning against the door-post in an attitude of graceful unstudied ease, she might have been a fit subject for any artist's fancy. Her thick dark hair was gathered up in a picturesque coil behind her well-shaped head. Her skin, clear and healthy and soft, was rich with the tinge of the coursing blood. Her features, regular, firm, and well-set, were pleasing to look upon, yet strong and purposeful almost to masculinity. But it was in the eyes that the real charm of her face lay. They were of the clearest grey, sincere and thoughtful; and the breadth between them bespoke a frank and straightforward nature. She was slightly above the average height, and her figure, clad in a simple dress of rough grey home-spun, was as lissome as a young willow.

A gleam suddenly shot into her eyes as she watched. The figures of a horse and

rider stood out against the sky on the opposite hill.

"There he comes, mother!" she exclaimed. "He's just riding over the top of the hill now! Twenty minutes more and he'll be here!"

She raised her hands as she spoke, and, forming them into a curved hollow about her mouth, gave forth, in a musical, long-drawn cadence, that familiar cry of the mountain farms—

"Coo-hoo, coo-hoo!"

From the far distance, floating faintly over the stillness, came an answering call in a man's voice—

"Coo-hoo, coo-hoo!"

Then she turned into the kitchen, and began to busy herself in preparing the table for the evening meal.

Her mother, knitting in the old-fashioned basket-chair by the side of the great fireplace, watched her at intervals as she flitted about.

"I wonder what news your father'll be bringing home from market this week," she said at length. "It isn't amiss to have news just once in the week. It annoys me when he comes home and has got nothing to say for himself."

"And yet no news is good news, mother," said the girl, smilingly.

"Ah, that's how the old saying goes," said the elder woman, shaking her head; "but it's my opinion that no news is sometimes about the worst news that can come to a person. As for you, you puss, I notice with all your proverbs that you are ready enough to listen to the news when it arrives, especially if there's anything about the Crossways Farm in it."

The girl coloured.

"When there *is* news one might as well listen to it as not," she replied, carelessly, as she turned and bent low over the plates on the dresser.

Her mother looked at her half-curiously, half-irritably.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" she answered.

Even as she spoke, the clatter of a horse's hoofs resounded in the paved yard, and the girl, nothing loath to escape from her mother's searching eyes, ran out.

A tall grey-haired man was dismounting from a sturdy cob as she appeared.

"Hallo, Dorothy, lass," he said, smilingly. "It's pretty clear that there's nothing the matter with your lungs, judging from the way your voice carries."

## Dorothy Gwynne

She helped him ungirth the horse and put it up in the stables for the night, and then going to the dairy at the back of the house, called to her sister. In a few minutes the family were gathered round the table for the evening repast.

Richard Gwynne was grave as he sat at the head of the table, a dignified figure, with his iron-grey hair and his clear-cut, clean-shaven face. He glanced at his wife from time to time underneath his bushy eyebrows, and on several occasions he seemed to be on the point of speaking, only to hesitate while the words were still on his lips.

"Well, what news from market, Richard?" asked his wife at last.

The farmer leant back in his chair, and a frown gathered upon his brow. He toyed with his cup a moment.

"Very bad news," he said, avoiding Dorothy's eyes.

They all looked at him in silence, awaiting his next words.

Richard Gwynne seemed to find a difficulty in speaking. Again he toyed with his cup, and again a frown, albeit one of distress rather than anger, crossed his forehead. At length, keeping his eyes fixed upon his wife, he spoke in slow, grave tones.

"I am very sorry to say that George Middlemass has got into trouble."

Dorothy started, and the colour slowly faded from her face.

"What trouble?" she asked steadily, after a constrained silence.

"Bad trouble—bad trouble," said the farmer, rising from his chair, and pacing to and fro. "I can't understand that man. His life has been one long string of misfortunes, yet he never seems to learn wisdom. Once before he was sold up through putting his name to a bill. Now he has done the same foolish thing again, and not only that, but worse. This time he has committed forgery in a vain attempt to save himself."

Dorothy had risen to her feet. Her face was ashen pale.

"Go on," she said, in the same steady tone.

Her father looked at her sorrowfully, and then, crossing over to her, laid his hand upon her head.

"Dorothy, lass," he continued in a low voice, "things are very black for him. He has forged the name of Mr. Trevanion for five hundred pounds. Did you ever know Mr. Trevanion have mercy? A

warrant is out for George's arrest, and he will most likely be taken to-morrow morning. Dorothy, lass, I am sorry to say it, but there must be no more thought of George Middlemass in your mind."

Dorothy stood facing her father, her bosom heaving, her breath coming short and quick.

"Do you think," she said, with suppressed intensity, her eyes flashing, her hand clenching the back of the chair, "do you think I am going to desert him—now? For shame, father! Do you think I don't know that it is his scamp of a brother, who has almost ruined his life, that is at the bottom of this fresh trouble? Is there any one who knows better than you that it is his kindness of heart which has been the cause of every misfortune that has fallen upon him? And you think I am going to desert him now!"

There was a ring, half of triumph, half of tenderness, in her voice, and her lips were parted in a scornful smile.

"Hoity-toity, what is this?" exclaimed her mother peevishly. "You must give him up, and there's an end of it!"

Dorothy turned upon her in a blaze of anger and resentment, but Richard Gwynne, wiser than his impulsive-tongued wife, held up his hand.

"That is not well spoken, wife," he said.

"Dorothy, my lass, you are not without some reason on your side, but you must remember that this is not the first, nor yet the second occasion, on which George Middlemass has proved himself unfit to manage his own affairs. And this time he has made a greater hash of things than ever. He is ruined, lass, utterly ruined and disgraced. You would only be adding to his cares if you thought of him as a future husband any longer."

"If he is ruined," replied Dorothy, slowly, "then all the more reason why I should stick to him and help him. If he is disgraced, all the more reason why I should stand by him and assist him to recover his good name."

Richard Gwynne did not answer immediately. He paced to and fro, his hands behind him, his face drawn in perplexity.

"Dorothy," he said at length, "one can carry that kind of spirit to foolishness. What is the good of wasting it on a man who deliberately works his own ruin after so many sharp lessons——"

"It is because I know him," cried

Dorothy piteously. "It is because I understand him, and you don't. I know how tender-hearted and yielding he is. I know how his selfish brother has worked upon his sympathy and feeling. I know how he must have been tempted for his mother's sake. Oh, father, you are asking me to do something that is not worthy, and in your heart of hearts you know it."

"I know that I am asking you to do what is right," rejoined her father gravely. "Right to us, and right to yourself—yes; and right to him, too. I am not going to argue with you, Dorothy. I believe that your own common-sense will show you that you will only be putting fresh difficulties and temptations in the man's way if you act the part of the millstone round his neck."

"I will never be a millstone to him," returned Dorothy, quietly.

Three hours later, Dorothy stole down the winding old oaken staircase, which led from the bedrooms of the farm to the kitchen. The dim light of the candle which she carried in her hand threw ghostly rays upon her white face, and her large grey eyes were dilated with an all-absorbing fear and excitement. A great dread had seized upon her tortured imagination as she sat, a sleepless figure, at the window of her bedroom, and had called her forth with beating heart and compressed lips. It was yet but ten o'clock, but the household was an early one, and was apparently wrapped in slumber. As she gained the sanded floor of the kitchen the great eight-day clock, in the dark corner near the parlour door, began to whirl and rumble preparatory to striking the hour. Dorothy started nervously, and held the candle high above her head. Then she smiled in contempt at her own over-wrought nervousness, and going softly to the parlour, took down her hat and jacket from behind the door. Even as she buttoned the latter about her neck the clock ceased to strike—and she suddenly started again and listened. There was another step on the floor of the kitchen. The next moment, her sister, fully dressed like herself, was confronting her in the dim candle-light.

They stood gazing at each other, their white faces silhouetted against the darkness.

"I heard you come down," said Agnes, in a tense whisper. "Where are you going?"

"Go back to your room," replied Dorothy fiercely, in the same suppressed tone.

"Wherever you are going, there I go too," returned Agnes.

They confronted each other with equal defiance and resolution writ in either face.

"If you attempt to go without me," whispered Agnes determinedly, "I shall call father."

Dorothy looked at her sister, and knew it was no use to parley with her. She was in feverish haste to be gone. She nodded her head in impatient assent, and Agnes quickly put on her hat and jacket. Dorothy had gone to the outer door, and had softly opened it by the time her sister was ready. The night-wind rushed in cold and raw.

"Put it there," whispered Dorothy, nodding towards the candlestick and pointing to the table behind the door. Agnes put it down, blew out the light, and together they went out into the darkness, Dorothy softly turning the key behind them and putting it into her pocket.

They crossed the paved courtyard in silence, and came out upon the mountain-side.

"I knew you could not sleep. Neither could I," said Agnes, aloud.

For answer Dorothy quickened her footsteps.

Agnes answered to the movement.

"You fear something," she said, linking her arm in Dorothy's. "Is it that he may—?"

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed Dorothy, in wild anguish. "Yes, it is! Can't you see how I am suffering?"

Agnes pressed her arm, and side by side they sped on over the silent mountain slope.

## II

THE night was dark and still. On the rugged hill-top, where there were no trees to rustle and whisper, no copse or hedgerow to make murmur, the silence was so intense that it seemed to be the deep hush before some inevitable happening. It was as though the looming mountains were listening, tense and breathless in the darkness, for the fall of an impending catastrophe.

Great drifts of cloud lay piled up overhead, and spread themselves out across the sky, save where, in one spot through their cleft, a solitary star shone forth. Around its pale glimmer the frowning masses hung all the blacker and more ominous by contrast.

## Dorothy Gwynne

Over the mountain's summit the sisters, speeding with fleet footsteps, passed by the rough sheep-path amongst the heather. Their dresses ever and anon brushed the twigs with a faint rustle as they hurried on. From out of the darkness, somewhere amongst the valleys to their left, came the distant hooting of an owl. As they passed over the topmost ridge of the hill, where sky and mountain summit seemed to touch each other, a thick cloak of blackness, frowning, impenetrable, somnolent, told them where, below them, another valley lay sleeping in the darkness. From out the black void a night-jar's note floated up, solitary and discordant, and in the heart of the scowling mass which marked the opposite hill the distant light of a belated household glimmered in solitude. Descending round the slope of the hill, they were soon passing the walls of the young larch plantation, which brought them to the rough stony lane leading up the valley.

It was a desolate region, even in the daylight, when the sun was full upon it. With the mystery of darkness brooding over it, it was forbidding even to weirdness. So intense was the blackness of the night here, beneath the shadow of the hills, that again and again they came in contact with the low rough wall bounding the lane. A quarter of a mile northward the valley widened out into a small amphitheatre amidst the mountains, and here a reflection of the stars, which were now shining through the breaking clouds, revealed a large sheet of water, stretching from the side of the lane.

Dorothy gasped as they reached the sullen expanse, and pressed on with fleet steps. Agnes tightened her grasp of her sister's arm in mute sympathy. Almost at the same moment they both, as if by common consent, stood still; for on the stony footpath in front of them they heard the sound of advancing footsteps.

They both drew to the side of the lane and waited. Their hearts were beating so loudly as they clung to each other that the pulsations seemed to their excited imaginations to ring out like the muffled beats of a drum upon the night.

Dorothy listened in strained suspense as the footsteps drew nearer, now striking upon the stones, now dying away on the grassy parts of the lane.

"It is he," she said, in a low voice. "I am sure it is he! We are only just in time!"

The footsteps advanced to within five yards of them, and then suddenly stopped. Dorothy drew a quick breath of fear. "Stay here," she whispered to her sister, as she darted forward.

There was a quick movement of the figure standing near as her footfall sounded on the road. But Dorothy was fleet of step. She had grasped the man's arm before he had time to get away.

"George!" she said quickly, "George! It is I, Dorothy!"

George Middlemass paused in the act of shaking her off, and there was a silence between them.

"Dorothy!" he said at last, in rapid, constrained tones, "Dorothy! What are you doing here?"

"George, go back home," she said, in a steady even voice. "Your place is at home, whatever may come during the next twenty-four hours."

"You have heard——" he began, in an undertone.

"I have heard all," she replied quickly.

They stood for a moment straining their eyes towards each other in the darkness.

"There is no wrong that cannot be righted," said Dorothy. "But it is not by committing a sin that you can wipe out another. Your place is at home, George, to meet any one who may come."

"I cannot!" he said desperately. "I cannot do it!"

"You must do it," she returned quietly. "You must do it and you must go through with it. For your mother's sake, George—and mine."

He turned away from her and broke down. "I cannot face it," he moaned. "Oh, I cannot face it!"

"God gives us strength to bear," she said solemnly. "Yes, even to those who have sinned! There is nothing that cannot be wiped out with God's help. Turn and face it, George. Fight through it, and take whatever punishment is to come like a man. That is the way to live it down and start fair again!"

He was sobbing like a child.

"Why," she said, cheerily, "the world is before you. There is a whole lifetime to come after this trouble is over. You have those who will stick by you through everything, and to whom you will be just the same after it is all past."

"No, it is all ended—my life is over," he moaned.



"Your life is not over—the best part of your life is to come. Work out your punishment. Bear it with your head up. That is the only way, George. It is only a coward who would—run away from it."

"Oh, Dorothy, I have made a fearful mess of my life!" he burst forth in agony. "From the beginning—from the beginning—I have muddled my chances."

"And do you know why?" she replied quickly. "It is because people have taken advantage of your good-nature. Too much kindness of heart, George! That has been your one fault. But experience teaches us all, and after this lesson you will learn to say 'No' when it is your duty, and you will start afresh."

"A fearful muddle—a hopeless muddle," he went on piteously. "From the first things seemed to go wrong, and bit by bit they got so tangled up that I lost all heart and did not seem to care what became of me."

"I know," she said tenderly. "I know exactly what you felt, and I know also what a terrible fascination this place has had for you at such times. That was why I came here to-night with Agnes. A little courage, George, and all will yet come right."

"I cannot summon the energy," he said hopelessly. "It seems as though there were a terrible burden pressing down upon me which I cannot struggle against."

"But you will struggle against it," she returned tenaciously. "You will fight against it, and face whatever may be coming like a man. We will stand by you, dear, to the very end—your mother and I—and whatever is to be your punishment, you will know, as you go through it, that we are thinking of you, and waiting for you, and praying for you until the day when you will be with us again."

"But the farm!" he said drearily. "The farm will go to rack and ruin!"

"I will manage the farm," she said cheerily. "Why, I can manage the farm as well as yourself! If it should come to the worst—I will go and live with your mother and manage everything as faithfully as you would yourself until the day when you are given back to us again!"

"You will, Dorothy!" he exclaimed eagerly. "You will!"

"I will, dear!" she replied.

He broke down again.

"It is you who should have been the man, and I the woman, Dorothy," he said brokenly.

In the darkness the tears were streaming down her face, but her voice had not a single tremor in it as she spoke.

"What nonsense, dear! You will be a brave man and face whatever is coming with a strong heart. Remember there is no disgrace in a punishment which has been faced and worked out. Just as in the eyes of God repentance and expiation wipe away the sin."

In the darkness, by the sullen, silent water, they talked on for half-an-hour, she cheering him by her sympathy and brave counsel, comforting him by her unfailing optimism, pointing him tenaciously to the path of duty; he gaining courage and hope by degrees as he talked to her, until he felt something like the glow of manhood in his veins once more. It was little he knew how her heart was aching underneath her brave exterior, aching with pity for him, aching with the thought of what was surely in store for him.

"God bless you, Dorothy!" he said at last. "You have saved me to-night from a sin blacker than all. I was beside myself. I shudder to think what would have been the end had you not come!"

"Never mind that now, dear," she answered hastily. "You will be brave and face them all like a man!"

"I will, God helping me!" he replied.

A little sob choked her utterance—but only for a moment.

"And now, go back," she said cheerfully. "You have given me your word and I trust you!"

"Let me see you and Agnes home, Dorothy!"

"No," she replied resolutely. "I will not hear of it. Go back and have what rest you can."

He gave way, obedient to her wish, and bidding them good-night, turned slowly on his homeward path. They stood and listened to his footsteps until they died away in the bend of the valley. Then they went back along the stony lane and ascended the mountain path down which they had come.

The clouds had slowly drifted apart, leaving a great expanse of clear sky almost from the eastern horizon to the west, and exposing to view myriads of stars which, against the dusky heavens, shone and sparkled with a throbbing brilliance. There was a different aspect upon the night; for the hills no longer loomed like sullen masses of blackness, but revealed themselves in shadowy



## Dorothy Gwynne

grandeur under the pale soft starlight. It was as though the Spirit of the Night had thrown aside her dark mantle, and had put on robes of shimmering radiance.

Dorothy looked at the stars as they throbbed and glowed, and somehow they spoke comfort to her heavy heart.

### III

TO say of a man that he is "no man's enemy but his own" is to describe in one trite phrase a type of character with which we have all met at one time or another. It is a character whose distinguishing features are amiable weakness, easy-going pliability, and an utter lack of force or moral fibre. It is one of the tragedies of life that such folk are oftentimes the gentlest, the kindest, the sweetest-natured of souls. But they do not possess that stamina which commands success in the stern battle of existence; their weakness permits the world to make use of them, and to pass them by; and the world rewards them by dubbing them "no one's enemy save their own."

Ever since his father had died, and he had succeeded to the active management of the Crossways Farm, George Middlemass had seemingly done his best to invite the above-mentioned taunt from the small world in which he moved. He was the sort of man who, while working for others, proves the most able and faithful of servants, but who, placed in command of his own affairs, has a fatal facility for bringing himself to grief. Misfortune had followed upon misfortune since the day when his father's wise judgment no longer controlled the affairs of the farm. There had hardly been a year in which people had not been led by some incident or another to shake their heads and say, "Poor Middlemass! He is making a sad hash of things! Where is it going to end?" First it was the loss of several hundreds of pounds through a foolish speculation. Then it was an ill-judged attempt at poultry-farming on a large scale, in addition to the other business of the homestead, and with dire results. Yet again it was a foolish signature to a bill, with the usual sequel. Gradually but surely he had gone down-hill from the very first, and his efforts to recover himself had been in keeping with his other essays—ineffective, ill-timed, or disastrous.

And yet George Middlemass was as hard-working a man as one could meet with in

the whole county. He spared himself no labour; he was up early and late; he never relaxed in his efforts. There are men who work themselves to exhaustion, but never seem to make any headway, simply because their energy is not directed with perception and foresight. Even as Sisyphus continually laboured, they labour, only to see the stone rolling down the hill again after they have with infinite pains pushed it almost to the top. George Middlemass worked untiringly from morning till eve, week in week out, yet all his efforts seemed to be without any corresponding result. Lack of judgment, lack of foresight, lack of moral strength, rendered all his industry worse than useless.

The gravest of the adversities which befell George Middlemass were due to his younger and scapegrace brother, Herbert; the brother whom he loved with a blind and fatuous affection; the brother who had proved his evil genius from the first. For him he had backed the bill which had in the end well-nigh caused his ruin. For him he had started the ill-fated poultry-farming scheme. And finally, in a desperate attempt to tide himself over the difficulties consequent upon the endorsement of yet another bill for this young spendthrift, he had at last committed forgery. He seemed to have no strength to resist when Herbert appealed to him. It mattered little that all his kindness was repaid by airy ingratitude and even by open contempt. Let Herbert only come to him with a fresh tale of woe, and those blandishments which he so well knew how to exercise upon his brother and his doting mother alike, and George, with fatal weakness, was bound to give way. And now, as the result of his inability to say "No," he was face to face with the law, while Herbert had coolly gone off to South Africa with the money he had succeeded in gaining at his brother's expense.

What madness had possessed George Middlemass to forge the name of Edward Trevanion on the back of a bill? The opportunity, like a snare of the devil, had come to his hand. His brother had once again failed him. He was in want of money—urgently and desperately in want of it. And with characteristic feebleness he had succumbed to the temptation. It was well in keeping with his nature that he "hoped" to put things right before his offence should be discovered. It was always "hope"—



"I AM GUILTY, SIR"

## Dorothy Gwynne

always that will-o'-the-wisp—that dangled its empty promises before his eyes. Hope, being without rightly-directed energy to second it, was in George's case but the lock, without the key wherewith to open it.

The whole neighbourhood was talking about George Middlemass's disgrace. It was the one topic of conversation amongst loafers in wayside inns, amongst labourers in the fields, farmers in the market-place, shepherds on the mountain slopes. And when, on the day following that on which this story opens, George Middlemass was brought up on the charge of forgery at the police-court in the market town, two miles distant from his mountain farm, there was such a crowd elbowing and swaying within the small chamber as had never before been known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

George was pale as he stepped into the dock. There were deep circles underneath his eyes. Yet there was a look of composure on his face which caused people to wonder, as he glanced at Dorothy, who was sitting in one of the foremost seats. Her eyes met his full and straight and calm, and said as plainly as possible, "Courage, George." And George, turning towards the bench of magistrates, felt a strength within him that was not his own.

The charge was read out amidst breathless silence, and a deep hush fell upon the assembly as George was called upon to plead. He turned and looked the presiding magistrate straight in the face. His underlip trembled for a moment, but with great effort he regained his self-possession. The thought that Dorothy's eyes were upon him braced him up as with electrical sympathy and inspiration. He spoke in a steady voice.

"I am guilty, sir. I have no excuse to offer, except that I was mad with worry and anxiety when I committed the deed. I must take whatever sentence is inflicted on me as the just punishment for my sin."

A flutter ran round the court at this frank and unexpected declaration.

Dorothy leaned back in the seat, her eyes shining through the tears that would come in spite of her self-control. Had she chosen the words for him he could not have spoken in a manner more after her own desire. For Dorothy argued the thing with stern logic. He had committed the offence. There was nothing left for him to do but to go through with the punishment with as

brave a heart as could be, and commence afresh in life. *And commence afresh!* That was what Dorothy always emphasised with unwavering insistence. And to that point she clung with steady determination, even while her heart was sore with grief.

That day's proceedings were purely formal, and came to an end in a few minutes—all too soon for the curiosity-mongers who, crowding together in the well of the court, hung upon every word with greedy interest. At the close George stood committed to take his trial at the assizes which were shortly to be held in the small county town some fifteen miles away.

With Dorothy's love ever supporting him like a strong rock, he faced the ordeal with more of manliness than those who knew him had ever given him the credit of possessing. It was Dorothy who visited him after his committal, and inspired him by her brave counsel. It was Dorothy who spoke comfort to him as the terrors of his trial, and what was to follow it, drew nearer. It was Dorothy who kept his often-wavering courage to the sticking-point and soothed away all his fears. And when the fateful day at last came, it was Dorothy's sympathy which gave him strength to stand up before his tribunal and repeat his simple avowal of guilt. He was undefended. Dorothy had willed it so. What defence was there to offer?

The court-house swam before his eyes, and he saw things as in a blur when the judge pronounced his sentence.

"George Middlemass, the only redeeming feature of your case is the frank acknowledgment of your offence, and of your readiness to meet the punishment."

He heard the stern words as in a dream, and the remainder became a meaningless monotone, in which only disconnected sentences reached his understanding.

"Previous good character . . . take into consideration everything I have mentioned in your favour . . . hope that you will lay this bitter lesson to heart . . . three years' imprisonment."

*Three years' imprisonment!* The words seemed to beat upon his brain as with a sheer blow, and to ring to the very limits of the world. It was then that his inherent feebleness of character would have asserted itself, and have caused him to burst forth into impassioned appeals for mercy had not Dorothy's presence in court been like a strong barrier between him and

his weakness. He turned round towards her, and gave her a look in which dumb agony and sheer terror were mingled together. If ever a face could speak vivid burning language, Dorothy's face spoke to him then. Her head was thrown back. Her eyes met his steadily, unflinchingly. They were resplendent with the light of courage and purpose—the eyes of a veritable Boadicea—and once again George found strength in their inspiration. He bowed his head, and left the dock without a word.

Dorothy saw him before he was removed to the sullen-looking pile of buildings wherein his punishment was to be worked out.

"Oh, Dorothy!" he moaned, in agony.

"Courage, dear!" she said. "Courage! There will be long years of life after these three are over—years of happiness and peace. This black time will seem like a mere flash to you—like a dream—when it is past. Keep that thought ever before you, George!"

"My mother——" he said, brokenly.

"I am with her," replied Dorothy. "As I told you, I went to her a fortnight ago, and I am going back to her now. I will look after her, dear, and after the farm too."

"There is no money to go on with," he said dejectedly.

"I have money," she returned. "You don't suppose I have had the profits from the fowls and butter all these years without saving money, do you? Now don't make a fuss about a little thing like that, George. All that can be settled—afterwards."

"God bless you, Dorothy!" he exclaimed.

"And God bless you, and keep you always!" she answered. "You will find your mother and me waiting for you when you return home."

And it was thus they parted.

#### IV

**R**ICHARD GWYNNE was a wise and prudent man. He knew Dorothy better than her mother could ever hope to know her. For Mrs. Gwynne, in her shallowness of disposition, had never been able to fathom the deeper currents and cross-currents of her elder daughter's mind. They were to her hidden depths, and the fact only made her the more petulant, and Dorothy the more deter-

mined, in any conflict of opinion which occurred between them. Richard Gwynne understood something of Dorothy's nature, and he quickly realised that it would be worse than useless to continue to oppose her in the course she had resolved upon. He went still further. He even admitted to himself that there was something to be said on her side of the question.

"I begin to see that the girl is right—that she is acting nobly," he said, as he rode home from market, "and that being so, how can I honestly tell her that she is wrong, even were it any use to do so?"

So, like a wise man, he accepted the inevitable, although as a father he could have wished that Dorothy took a different view of things. When she asserted her intention of going to the Crossways Farm during George's absence, he offered no opposition. He simply said—

"If you are determined to go, Dorothy, I shall say nothing. But I could have wished it different."

"I am doing the right thing, father," replied Dorothy steadily.

Her mother broke into loud and angry expostulations, which proved as the plashing of a feeble stream against a rock, and on a wet stormy day, following that of George's committal to the assizes, Dorothy left her home, riding over to the Crossways Farm on her own pony, and leaving her few belongings to be brought after her by one of the men when time and opportunity should offer.

The wind and the rain roared and swirled along the mountain slopes as she rode up the rough uneven track, the hood of her cloak drawn well over her head. When she gained the summit, the full force of the storm beat upon her, and it was as much as she could do to keep her saddle, as with bent head she went forward in the teeth of the wind. The opposite hill-top was standing out, sullen and desolate, against the black, rushing clouds, and the falling rain was so thick that it was like a glimmering mist-wreath athwart the landscape.

The valley once gained, she was more sheltered from the brunt of the storm, and in an hour after she had started she was standing in the kitchen of the Crossways Farm, a rambling old house, lying low in a dale, amidst the hills.

Mrs. Middlemass, a white-haired woman, with a pale, weak face, which the lines of





"THERE'S THE GIRL WHO'S MANAGING  
HER SWEETHEART'S FARM WHILE  
HE'S AWAY IN PRISON"

care had marked heavily, broke down when she saw her.

"Oh, Dorothy, I've had a hard, hard life since my husband died!" she cried. "It has been trouble after trouble, and this is the worst of all!"

Even in that speech she revealed the innate weakness of character which her son inherited from her. The thought flashed through Dorothy's mind that her first words, at least, might have been those of sympathy for the deep waters through which George was passing. But only for

a moment. There quickly swept through her heart a wave of pity for this lonely woman, so helpless and so weak. She knelt by her side, and took one of her thin hands in hers.

"There, there," she said, soothingly. "The worst has already come, and things will alter for the better. It is a long lane that has no turning. The turning is in sight now. You and I will keep each other company until he comes back, and then a new life will commence for you and for him."



She comforted the weeping woman until her grief had spent itself, and then she began to busy herself about the house. She built up the fire in the huge grate, so that the roaring flames leapt and danced into the very heart of the old chimney. She swept up the hearth and burnished the fire-irons, and spread the home-made hearth-rug again before the glistening steel fender. She put the kettle on the fire, and laid the white cloth on the table, and brought out the quaint old-fashioned blue-and-white tea-cups which had belonged to George's grandmother. And by the time she had pulled a hassock up to the fire, and had sat down by Mrs. Middlemass's side, waiting for the water to boil, the kitchen was already transformed into a veritable snugery of glow and brightness. So cosy and comfortable did it seem by contrast with the leaden hue of the angry sky against the mountain-top in the distance, the waning light of the gloomy afternoon, the driving of the wind and the rain across the courtyard; and so sweet and solacing was it to have Dorothy sitting at her side, holding her hand, and talking to her, that Mrs. Middlemass already began to feel cheered and comforted, and even smiled faintly in response to Dorothy's resolute optimism.

And thus it was that Dorothy's life at the Crossways Farm commenced. From the very first her strength of will asserted itself, and ere she had been a week under the grey roof of the rambling old house, Mrs. Middlemass had learned to lean on her and defer to her in all things, as the weak always lean on the strong. As for Dorothy, having put her hand to the plough, she never once looked back. Never once, during those three long years, did she swerve from her purpose, or falter in the course which, with quiet resolve, she had mapped out for herself. Barely a month had passed by before she was to all intents and purposes the mistress of the farm and of all its affairs. Mrs. Middlemass, dominated entirely by her strong personality, her sound common-sense, her quick perception and shrewdness, resigned everything to her with a happy sense of relief and confidence. And so Dorothy, by sheer force of character, gradually took everything into her own hands—the household management, the control of the business affairs of the farm, the oversight of the men and the maid-servants, the fields,

the cattle, and the dairy. The labourers came to her for instructions, the dairy-maids worked under her supervision. They all learned to regard her as their mistress and commander-in-chief. They consulted her in every emergency, they implicitly accepted her ruling as the verdict of one in authority.

Dorothy, once she felt that the farm was practically under her control, held the reins firmly, and with decision. She would have no "scamping" of work, no indolent dawdling. Her contemptuous anger for such weaknesses of the flesh shamed every one who came into contact with her. She was a stern mistress to idlers and malingerers, and never attempted to hide the scorn with which she regarded them. But she was also a just mistress; and one by one all the workers on the farm found out that they could always count upon fair treatment at her hands, even generous and sympathetic treatment, did the occasion call for it. And so a wholesome fear gradually grew into respect, and respect into affectionate regard. There was not a man on the farm who, when he came to know her, would not have done anything to serve her. There was not one but accepted her sternest rebukes with submission. The drunkards hung their heads before her; the carter who had ill-treated his horse in a fit of temper, slunk about the farm in absolute dread of meeting her when he heard it had come to her ears. She had saved the life of his child a month previously, and a sluggish shame made him quail at the thought of meeting her eyes.

A marvellous improvement was perceptible in all the affairs of the farm ere Dorothy had been in charge three months. There was none of the old looseness, the perfunctoriness, the easy-going ways, which had characterised George Middlemass's weak rule. Everything was done thoroughly, and in order, and with strictest economy. The evidences of a well-managed establishment were apparent in every department, from the stables down to the poultry-house.

Regularly once a week, wet or fine, Dorothy drove to market with her butter, her eggs, and her poultry, and stood behind the partitioned stall in the market-house which had been held by the Crossways people for over fifty years. And it was ere long a subject of common remark that

## Dorothy Gwynne

never had the stall been managed with such ability since the death of old Lemuel Middlemass, George's father. People looked at her at first with curiosity, and even a certain amount of undisguised raillery in their eyes, and said to each other—

"There's the girl who's managing her sweetheart's farm while he's away in prison."

Others looked on with sympathy, and even with commiseration, and said—

"It's a great pity. She is too good, both in looks and everything else, for George Middlemass."

Dorothy knew that they were talking about her, but not a muscle of her face, not a glance of her eyes, betrayed the fact. And ere long the townspeople and others who came to market found out that she had the best butter, the plumpest poultry, in the whole market-place. And week by week she prospered, until her market trade furnished one of the most flourishing items in the farm accounts. Many a young yeoman, spruce and well-favoured, strolled past Dorothy's stall, and lingered near with looks of admiration. Of all the maidens of the country-side who moved about the market-place there was not one so striking in appearance, so graceful and winsome as Dorothy, with her comely figure and her glorious hair. Some of the young men, less wise and more conceited than the others, even tried to ingratiate themselves with her. But Dorothy treated them all alike—with simple courtesy and self-possession. Her heart was fixed.

Those market-days were the brightest spots in this grey period of Dorothy's life; for in their course she had the happiness of frequently meeting her father, and sometimes her mother and sister.

The months passed by. Spring came tripping over the hills with life and lute. Summer came with a glory of gold upon the mountain-tops. Winter returned, sullen and grey and passionate in her storms of fury. And still Dorothy steadily held on the course she had chosen.

### V

THE sunshine fell upon the hills with a white blaze of glory on the day when George Middlemass, once more a free man, returned to his home. The woods, stretching away to the south, were gorgeous in their many tints of foliage. A lark sang above George's head—such a joyous

tumultuous song that it seemed as if its little heart were bursting for happiness.

George raised his eyes to the blue sky, unflecked by a single cloud from horizon to horizon; and a great lump came into his throat. The light dazed him; the glory of the scene, the sweetness of the pure air, the glow of God's blessed sunlight, overcame him with feelings too deep for words. He sank on his knees on the silent hillside, and poured out the fulness of his over-pent heart. The hot tears fell upon the grass as he knelt. And they were tears of gold; for the tears of repentance and the cry of a contrite heart are the most precious things that can be brought before God.

They were waiting for him, Dorothy and his mother, in the old-fashioned kitchen. That lump came in his throat again when he saw the grey old roof and chimneys of the abode of his childhood looking so familiar and homely in the sunlight; and yet again when he found his mother and Dorothy meeting him at the door with radiant faces. His own favourite arm-chair had been re-covered in cosy chintz. Even the table spoke a dumb greeting with its snowy cloth and its tastefully-laid china. They had made ready for him as the welcome guest, as the honoured master. It was more than he could stand.

"There, dear," said Dorothy, her voice tremulous with happiness. "All is over. The black past is all over and done with. To-day we commence a new life!"

"A new life, please God," said George, solemnly. "But not without you, Dorothy. It cannot be lived without you. It is you who have saved me. It is you who are my good angel. I cannot live without you."

He took her hands in his, and looked deep into those eyes of steadfast grey.

"We will live it together, dear," she said, in a low voice.

George and Dorothy were married quietly in the autumn. And from that time it was a new life. With Dorothy's strong character to aid and guide him George became a prosperous man. Under her influence he gained strength and purpose and self-reliance.

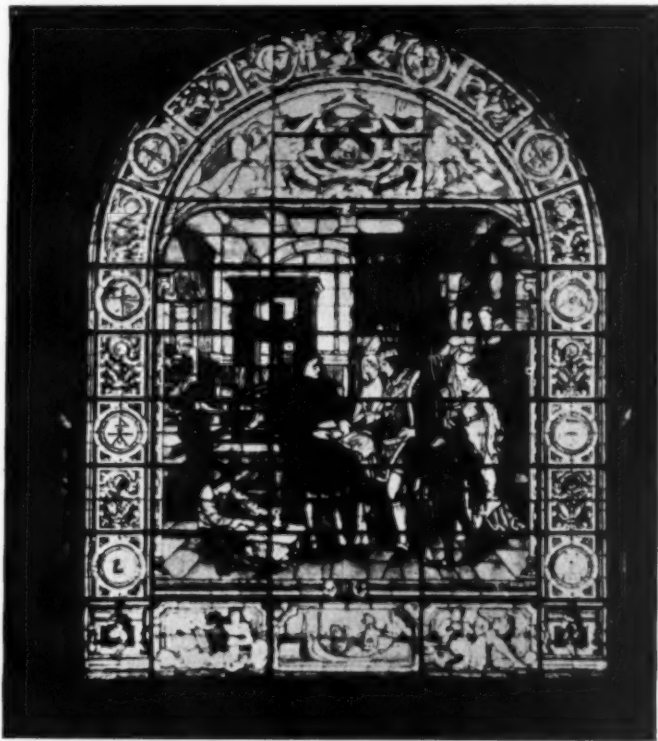
And Dorothy, whose great love was ever round about him, even as a mother's love and a wife's blended into one, Dorothy grew to be proud of him. For was he not hers? Her drifting bark brought into safe haven!

## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall

BY W. PERKINS

NEVER was the name of John Bunyan so much to the front as it is at the present time. Any fresh fact relating to his life is read with absorbing interest. Even persons whose sympathies are not distinctly religious, regard his name with favourable notice.

the spirit and purpose of Pilgrim's journey. The clever sons of enterprising Japan have portrayed to the life "Worldly Wiseman," and other characters of the famous allegory. Many of our fellow-subjects in India are as familiar with Christian's fight with Apollyon, the valley of the shadow of death,



THE GREAT CAXTON WINDOW, STATIONERS' LARGE HALL

The Bedford preacher and dreamer has a power now of which he and those who persecuted him never once dreamed. His immortal Pilgrim is a favourite with all classes, and peoples, and tongues.

From the frozen snows of the Arctic Circle to the sunny lands of Tropical Africa the story of Christian and his burden is widely read and known. The native artist of the Flowery Land has fully entered into

and the land of Beulah, as we are here at home. And the dwellers of the far-distant islands of the southern seas have long possessed the privilege of learning heart-lessons for their heavenly journey from the pages of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This wonderful volume is known to have gone forth into ninety-eight different languages and dialects, by the aid of the Religious Tract Society.

## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall

Eminent artists have for years vied with each other in their desire to reproduce the principal characters and scenes which the great dreamer has so charmingly described.

To-day the mere lovers of literary antiquities regard "First Editions" of any of Bunyan's works with supreme interest, and *The Pilgrim's Progress* is by far the special favourite. To possess one of the first issued copies of this book the wealthy sons of England and America will bid against each other to very high figures; not long since a copy was knocked down for £1475 at a book auction in London. It is also considered one of the richest treasures which the great libraries can acquire. Several years since a copy of the original entry of *The Pilgrim's Progress* appeared in the pages of *The Sunday at Home*; it is now reproduced for the readers of this article:—

"22<sup>d</sup> Decem. 1677.

"Mr. Nath : Ponder :

"Entred then for his Coppy by virtue of a licence under the hand of Mr. Turner, and which is subscribed by Mr. Warden Vere, one Book or Coppy Entitled, The Pilgrim's Progresse from this world to that which is to come Delivered under y<sup>e</sup> similitude of a Dreame wherein is discovered his setting out his dangerous Journey and safe Arrival at the desired Country, by John Bunyon."

This entry is at the bottom corner of the right-hand page, and the writing is fairly legible for the period, but very cramped. The lines are close together, and the limited

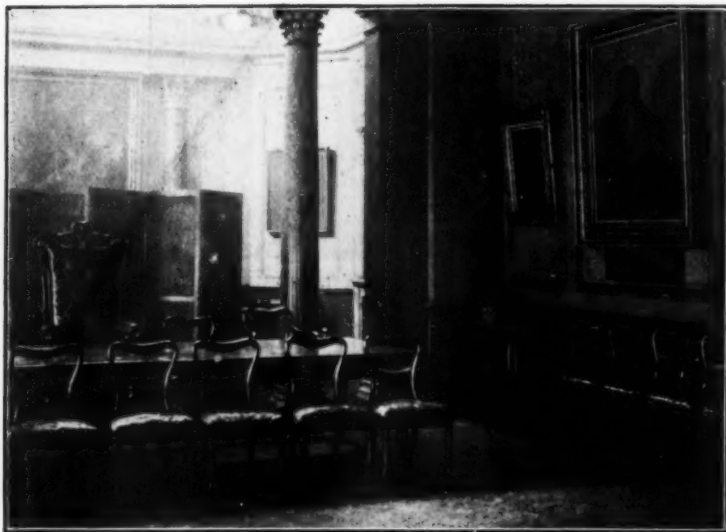
space of barely one inch and a half suggests that the clerk on that memorable occasion had great difficulty in getting the full title inscribed. The last line is so near the edge of the bottom margin that if proper care is not exercised by those who use the registers, it will eventually disappear. This would be a great calamity, as the author's name is on that line.

The publisher of the Pilgrim whose name appears on the top left-hand margin of the entry was Nathaniel Ponder. According to Dr. Brown of Bedford, he was known by other members of the Stationers' Company as "Bunyan Ponder." It is certain he was a bookseller of more than ordinary reputation, from the number of times his name appears in the registers of the company. He published for many well-known authors of his time, and amongst them was the celebrated Dr. John Owen. He once came under the lash of the law, and suffered imprisonment for publishing a work which displeased the ecclesiastical authorities.

It is a fact—which the curious may like to explain—that only a few of Bunyan's works were entered at Stationers' Hall. Perhaps indifference on the part of the publisher was the reason, the financial results not being worth the trouble. It might have been that some were afraid of the responsibility they would have to share in publishing the books of a "marked man," one who was continually being watched by

his persecutors. It is also possible that the wardens of the company were afraid of the risk, and refused to be identified with the occupant of Bedford jail. It was not until the spirit of toleration had somewhat taken possession of the authorities—civil and religious—that any of Bunyan's works were entered in the registers.

The first book appears to be the following:—



THE COURT ROOM, STATIONERS' HALL



## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall



THE GARDEN, STATIONERS' HALL, WHERE SEDITIOUS AND OTHER BOOKS WERE BURNED  
IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

*"May 18th, 1674.*

"Mr. Fra: Smith:

"Entred for his copy under the hands of Mr Antho Sanders and Mr. Warden White A Book or Coppy intituled Sighs from Hell or the groanes of a damned Soule Discovering from the sixteenth of Luke the Lamentable state of the damned By John Bunyan. Salvo jure cuilibet."

This book was first published in 1658, and was the third attempt of Bunyan as an author. It had a fair measure of popularity, passing through as many as nine editions during the author's lifetime. At this period of his life—namely, 1658—he was not much known beyond Bedfordshire surroundings. It is probable also he had not then met with the Baptist publisher—Francis Smith. The following year, 1659, Smith must have had some knowledge of the Bedford Tinker-preacher, for he had just published a book by Henry Denne in which Bunyan was defended in his controversy with Thomas Smith the Cambridge Librarian. Two years later, according to Dr. Brown, it is possible that Bunyan and Francis Smith became associated with each other as author and publisher. Smith was a courageous and plain-spoken man, and often came into

conflict with the Stuart authorities. For several years, during Bunyan's imprisonment from 1665 to 1672, he does not appear to have published any of Bunyan's works. The reason may have been through his oft and continued struggles with the courts of law himself. The following paragraph tells its own story. It is taken from Rivington's Account of the Stationers' Company:—"16 July 1678. Order of Bishop of London to damask Seditious books at Francis Smith's, and to burn in the Company's garden adjoining their Hall—the books not fitt for damasking." Smith's own account of this little affair published by himself in 1680 is as follows:—

"On a Saturday in July 1678 while I was sixteen miles off, came Mr. Mearn, with the Deputy-Marshal of the King's Bench, and several others, to search my Warehouse, . . . and demanded of my Son the Key, or they would break open the Door." After further describing the books in his possession, Smith continues: "He (Mr. Mearn) sent for a Cart and five Porters, imploying them to Cart with above two hundred pounds worth of several sorts of my Books, and carried them to Stationers' Hall; obtaining from the present Lord of London, by false suggestions, an Order for Damasking or defacing them all: and so industrious was he, and Mr.

## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall

Randle Taylor the Beadle (one of those that had some time before printed and published the stolen Impressions) that in two days from the seizure above fifty pounds worth was made good for nothing but to paste upon Trunks or Hat Cases."

On a previous occasion, in 1666, Smith complains of a seizure being made at his shop near Temple Bar, at which time Mr. Allen's and Mr. Bunyan's books with others were taken possession of by the surveyors of the Press.

The verb to damask is now almost obsolete, but is preserved in the *New English*

virtue of an Assign<sup>nt</sup>: bearing date the 19<sup>th</sup>: day of May Anno Dom 1686 under the hand and Seals of Ffrancis Smith Cittizen and Staioner of London And by virtue of an order of Court Dated the 29<sup>th</sup> Day of Aprile 1695 All that Booke or Coppy Entituled *Sighs from Hell*, or the Groans of the Damned Soule by John Bunyan."

This entry, alas, tells its own sad tale. The vicissitudes of Smith under the Stuarts were such as ended apparently in financial difficulties. His losses up to 1680, in fines, law expenses, and seizures of stock on eighteen different occasions amounted to about £5000 of the present currency.

Another entry in the registers is as follows:—

"10th Day of August 1683.

"Mr. Benj: Alsopp:

"Entred then for his Booke or coppy Entituled A holy life the Beauty of Christianity by John Bunnian.

"Printer of the said Book Ben White.

"Witnesse John Walston."

It is interesting to note in connexion with the foregoing work that Bunyan had evidently changed his mind about its title, and also that publisher as well as author saw the necessity of re-entering the book with the additions made. In less than two months the amended title appeared; it reads thus:—

"Eod die et Anno (6 October 1683).

"Mr. Ben. Alsopp.

"Entred then for his Booke or Coppy entituled A Holy Life the Beauty of Christianitie, or an exhortation to Christians to be Holy. By John Bunnian.

"Richard Tirrall Serv<sup>t</sup> to Mr. Benj: Alsopp.

"Witnes—Martin Newton."

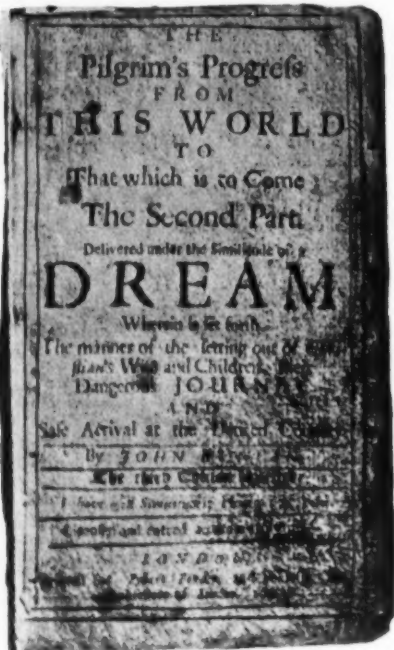
This new publisher of Bunyan's saw the importance of protecting his interests by having a witness to the transaction in addition to the name of his own servant. Bunyan's reputation as a writer of books was increasing rapidly, and so all details must be properly attested. For some reason the book was delayed in its publication until 1684, a period of more than six months, for the year then closed at the end of March.

Benjamin Alsopp was very busy in 1683 with Bunyan's new ventures, and one may reasonably conclude there was almost "a rush" for the writer's literary efforts. Four days previously (on October 2nd) the publisher's servant had duly registered the following long and curious title of another book, namely:—

"2nd October 1683.

"Mr. Benj: Alsopp.

"Entred then for his Booke or Coppy



Photographed by F. V. Pullin

REDUCED TITLE PAGE OF SECOND PART OF  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. THIRD EDITION

*Dictionary*, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, and reads: "To deface, or destroy, by stamping or marking with lines or figures." These words are followed by an account of the proceedings against Francis Smith as an illustration of its use.

The book, *Sighs from Hell*, was destined yet to have one other connexion with Francis Smith—this is also preserved in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. It reads thus:—

"Eodem Die et Anno (29 April 1695).

"Arons Churchill.

"Entred then for his Booke or Coppy by

## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall

entituled A Case of Conscience resolved—viz.: whether where a Church of Christ is Scituate, it is the duty of the women of that congregation ordinarily and by Appointment to separate themselves from their Brethren and soe to assemble together to performe some parts of divine Worship, as Prayer, &c., without their men. And the Argum<sup>ts</sup> made use of for that Practice. Examined by John Bunyan.

"Ri: Tirrall servant to ye said Mr. Benj Alsop.

"Wit: Martin Newton."

Mr. George Offor says of this work, that it is a "small 4to of thirty-nine pages, and that it was never reprinted." We suppose he means it was not reprinted in Bunyan's lifetime. The first edition is now exceedingly rare. There appears to be some difference of opinion as to the reason of its being written. Offor implies that Bunyan's advice was sought on the subject because some females in Bedford held prayer meetings for special purposes, but whether they exhorted or preached to each other does not appear. Dr. Brown says "it was called forth by the request of some Christian women in London for Bunyan's judgment on the propriety of their meeting separately for prayer, and without their men." Bunyan's own words on the incident are as follows:—

"The occasione of my meddling in the controversy, is this. After I had, for reasons best known to myself, by searching found, that those called the women's meetings wanted for their support, a bottom in the word; I called them in our fellowship into question. Now having so done, my reasons for so doing, were demanded; and I gave them, to the causing of that practice to cease. So subject to the word were our women, and so willing to let go what by that could not be proved a duty for them to be found in practice of."

Eventually a "Mr. K." heard of Bunyan's action and drew up four arguments in justification of the meeting, and which when done Bunyan further says "were sent down into our parts." About two years after they were sent with a note to his hand. The note says:—

"Bro: Bunyan, This enclosed, was sent to me from Godly women, whose custom for long time hath been to meet together to pray: who hearing of your opinion sent this. It came from Mr. K., who would desire to know what objections you have against it: and he is ready to give further advice. Pray be pleased to give your answer in writing, for Mr. K. expects it.

"Your friends in the Lord,

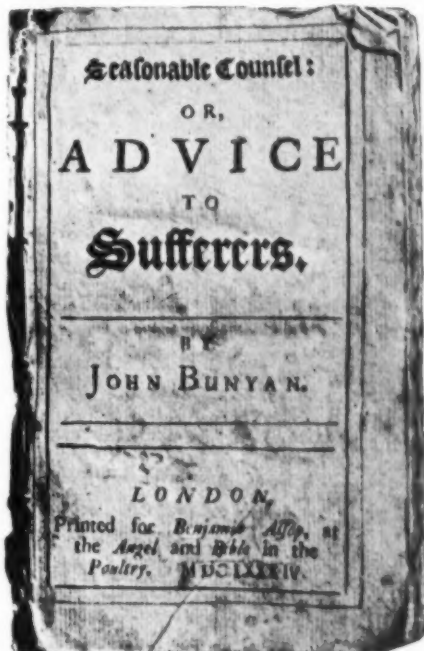
S. B. S. F.

"Pray be pleased to leave your answer with S. F. in Bedford."

Bunyan did give his answer, and we suppose left it with "friend S. F." It is

decidedly against the practice. Some of his last words are as follows:—

"When women keep their places, and men manage their worshipping of God as they should, we shall have better days for the Church of God in the world. Women are not to be blamed for that they are forward to pray to God, only let them know their bounds; and I wish that idleness with men be not the cause of their putting other good women upon this work." Bunyan's closing sentence is, "I intreat these lines be taken in good part, for I seek edification, not contention."



Photographed by F. V. Pullin

REDUCED TITLE PAGE OF SEASONABLE COUNSEL,  
BY JOHN BUNYAN. FIRST EDITION

Bunyan knew well how to give advice to Brothers as well as Sisters.

The last item in the Registers in which Benj. Alsop and Bunyan are associated appears two months later, and reads thus:—

"December 18, 1683.

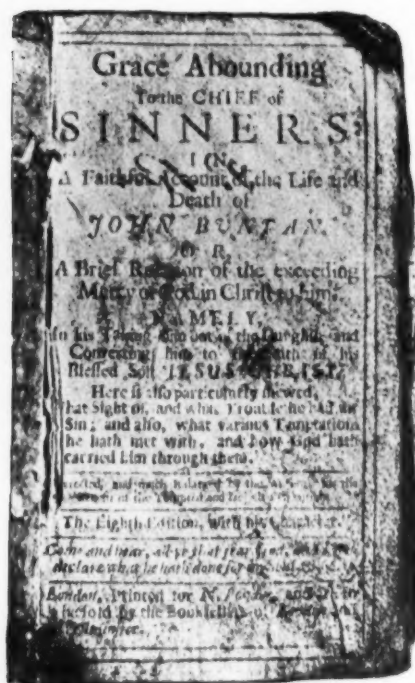
"Mr. Benj: Alsop.

"Entred for his Booke or Coppy Entituled A Seasonable Consill or Advise to sufferres by J. Bunnion.

"Richard Tirrall servant to Mr. Benj: Alsop."

At the time of the appearance of this book the persecution against Nonconformists had burst forth again with undue severity. Its publication was most opportune. The exhortation is given to trust

## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall



Photographed by F. V. Pullin

REDUCED TITLE PAGE OF *GRACE ABOUNDING*,  
BY JOHN BUNYAN. EIGHTH EDITION

in God. No retaliation is countenanced. The sufferers were encouraged and strengthened by such sentences as, "Our safety is in God. Commit the keeping of your souls unto Him. Satan can make a jail look as black as hell, and the loss of a few stools and chairs as bad as the loss of so many bags of gold. There is in God a sufficiency of power, to them that have laid their soul at His foot, to be preserved. God can make fear flee away and place heavenly confidence in its room."

Nearly twelve months passed before the clerks at Stationers' Hall were requested to enter any other of the Bedford minister's books. But his pen had not been idle, for his genius had created *Christiana* and her children, the sweet maid *Mercy*, valiant *Mr. Greatheart*, and sturdy old *Honest*. And when he had conducted the second company of Pilgrims "across the river," he once more sought out Mr. Nathaniel Ponder.

It was in the dull month of November that Ponder made this special visit to Stationers' Hall Court. He was probably contemplating a good send-off of the

"Second Part" immediately after Christmas. The entry reads:—

"22 Novemb. 1684.

"Mr. Nath: Ponder.

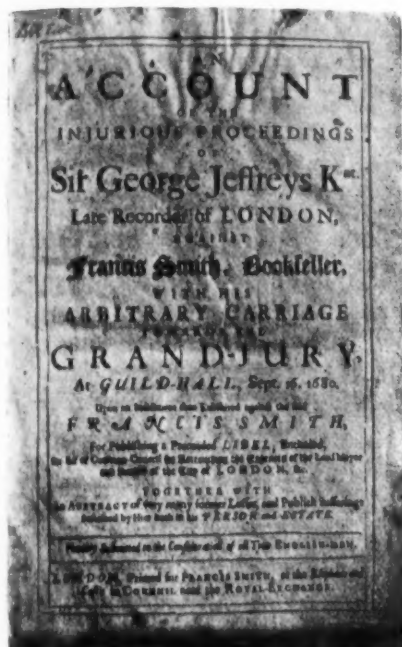
"Entred then for his Booke or Coppy Entitled, *The Pilgrim's Progresse* from this world to that wch is to come. The second part Delivied under the Similitude of a Dreame. wherein is sett forth the manner of the setting out of Christian's wife and Children their Dangerous Journey and safe Arrivall at their desired Country by John Bunyan.

"Nath: Ponder."

Since the First Part had been published, and because of its good reception, other writers had presented the public with a Second Part. It was therefore wise that Bunyan and Ponder should again be partners in the continuance of the famous allegory. And in order that all might know it was genuine—probably at the publisher's suggestion—Bunyan supplied him with his sign-manual. According to the authority of Dr. Brown it appeared in the first edition on the back of the title page in these words:—

"I appoint Mr. Nathaniel Ponder, But no other to Print this Book. John Bunyan.

"January 1st, 1684 (1685 N.S.)."



Photographed by F. V. Pullin

REDUCED TITLE PAGE OF FRANCIS SMITH'S  
*ACCOUNT*



## Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall

The early editions of this Second Part are scarce and rare. They are interesting also from the fact that they are illustrated. The artistic merits of the pictures are not by any means of a high order, and are limited to three in number.

The last book from the pen of Bunyan which Ponder published was licensed in January 1687 (New Style 1688). On and off, since 1677, when the immortal Pilgrim started on his journey, these two—for ten years—had had business relationship, and this was the final occasion, on the production of a new book, that their names appeared together during the author's life. This peculiarly interesting entry is as follows:—

"9th Jan'y 1687.

"Nathaniel Ponder.

"Entred also<sup>1</sup> for his booke or Coppy under the hands of Mr. Warden Brewster Entituled of the River of Water of Life by John Bunyan of Bedford Lycenced by Rob: Midgley."

When the book appeared the title had undergone a change, and was enlarged considerably.

The last record in the old Registers of the Stationers' Company associated with Bunyan's lifetime appeared nearly three years after his death. It is the publishing of what was undoubtedly a special edition of *Grace Abounding*. Nathaniel Ponder secured the right of publication. Perhaps he had suggested it. Although licensed in 1688, this entry, as appears below, was not made until three years later:—

"26 May 1691.

"Nath: Ponder.

"Entred Then for his booke or Coppy under the hand of Mr. Ward<sup>n</sup> Mortlock Entituled

<sup>1</sup> Ponder had entered another book by a different author on the same date.

Grace abounding to the Chiefe of Sinners Or a brief and faithful account of the Exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to his good Serv<sup>t</sup>: John Bunyan, and Corrected and Enlarged now by the Author for the benefitt of the Tempted and dejected Christian.

"Lycenced by Rob<sup>t</sup>: Midgley 12<sup>o</sup> June 1688.

"Idem

"With a brief Acco<sup>t</sup> of the life of Mr. John Bunyan of Bedford To which is added his true Character and an Elegie made by a freind in Comemoration of his death Lycenced by Rob<sup>t</sup>: Midgley Subscribed by Mr. Ward<sup>n</sup> Mortlocke."

This was one of Bunyan's last efforts. It was licensed just eleven weeks and three days before he died. There is certainly one phrase in the title which Bunyan never would have permitted—namely, "good serv<sup>t</sup>." In the earlier edition he proclaimed himself a "poor servant." But Ponder doubtless felt himself justified in making the alteration in connexion with his departed friend. In a later impression of this eighth edition, Ponder made further changes in the title. It reads:—"Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners: In a Faithful Account of the Life and Death of John Bunyan, or A Brief Relation of the exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to him."

There was no diminution in the demand for Bunyan's books after his death. On the contrary, with the advent of the "Glorious Revolution," and the return of greater freedom in matters of religion, the demand increased. Charles Doe, the Borough Comb-Maker—and Bunyan's friend—out of pure admiration for his departed hero, set to in good earnest to send forth with as much completeness as possible, every book or pamphlet of Bunyan's that came within his reach. And since then, for more than two hundred years, the Great Dreamer's works have continued to meet with an ever-increasing popularity.



# The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in *Adam Bede*

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

*Illustrated with Photographs by Allan P. Mottram*

## VII.—The Autobiography of Dinah Morris

"He the simplest thoughts instills,  
He the mildest rules imparts,  
Arms with power the weakest wills,  
Fills with joy the saddest hearts."

FOR a fund of interesting and authentic information on the life and experiences of Dinah Morris we must needs turn to a somewhat rare book, first published

The volume thus introduced contains 323 quarto pages, and gives particulars of the lives and ministry of forty-five preachers who were women. The history of the origin of the book is somewhat peculiar. The author, a godly Wesleyan minister, had for his wife a lady of considerable fame in her day, who was not only a devout and



REV. ZECHARIAH TAFT, AUTHOR OF *LIVES OF HOLY WOMEN*, AND  
MRS. TAFT, A FAMOUS LADY PREACHER

in 1825, republished later, but long since out of print. It bears a ponderous title: "Biographical Sketches of the lives and Public Ministry of various Holy Women, whose Eminent Usefulness and Successful Labours in the Church of Christ have entitled them to be enrolled among the great Benefactors of Mankind: in which are included several Letters from the Rev. J. Wesley, never before published. By Z. Taft. (The profits will be devoted to charitable purposes.)"

exemplary Christian, but an attractive and powerful preacher. The accounts we have of her show that she was quite as popular and as much beloved as her husband, and there was considerable uneasiness in the minds of Mr. Taft's contemporaries in the ministry, including some of the leading ministers of the Methodist Conference, in regard to the toleration allowed her in her public ministry among the Methodist people. It was well known that the Rev. J. Wesley had authorised, under what he designated

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

an extraordinary call, the public ministrations of several godly women known to him who had shown exceptional ability and devotion in the blessed work of winning souls. At first he would seem to have been doubtful, but experience led him to the common-sense conclusion: "God owns women in the conversion of sinners, and who am I that I should withstand God?" Notwithstanding this luminous deliverance of the great founder of Methodism, there was, during a good many years after his death, considerable perplexity and debate among the ministers as to whether women under any circumstances should be allowed to preach in the public assemblies or not. At last, by decision of the Conference, the practice was absolutely forbidden.

It was during this period of debate and unrest on the question that Mr. Taft collected his memoirs and published his book. He was firmly convinced that his own devoted wife ought to be allowed to preach, and, if she ought, why then others should enjoy the same privilege. With this view the volume was compiled. Realising for himself that there was decided opposition among the ministers to female preaching in the abstract, and particularly a certain amount of jealousy concerning the public ministrations of his wife, Mr. Taft was most careful in arranging for the appointments

she should take. He never allowed her to preach except where the local friends had invited her, her name never appeared on the preachers' plan, and the public services assigned to her were indicated by a star in



*From a painting*

*by J. W. L. Forster*

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY, WIFE OF THE VICAR OF EPWORTH, THE FIRST OF  
THE METHODIST LADY PREACHERS

place of a preacher's number or name. Yet, notwithstanding all his caution, there was a good deal of ferment and irritation. So great a man as the Rev. Joseph Benson took Mr. Taft to question, and seriously remonstrated with him on account of the

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

irregular ministry of his wife. He complained that the Conference was ignorant of the fact that Mr. Taft was taking a *female* to assist him in his ministry, and advised that Mrs. Taft should be severely restricted in her ministrations, and that she should never mount the pulpit under any circumstances. The great man also insinuated that Mr. Taft's employment of his wife as a preacher was a tacit confession of his consciousness of his own inefficiency for the ministry! In spite of all this, however, the preaching still went on. Among Mrs. Taft's converts were some who became leading lights in the Methodist firmament.



THE ROUND HOUSE AT WORTHINGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE

Among the pulpit and platform orators of his day, none were more powerful or famous than the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. Of the local preachers of Methodism, no one was ever more gifted than the Yorkshire farmer, Mr. William Dawson, who really became a consummate orator, attracting crowds everywhere. The Rev. Thomas Jackson was the recognised head of a clan of Methodist preachers of that name, he was also a voluminous author and a venerated President of the Conference. All these were the spiritual fruits of the public ministry of Mrs. Taft, together with another of the presidents, and large numbers of equally godly persons who did not attain to such lofty eminence. This fruitful ministry,

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as modest as it was effective, could not be suppressed. But, in the Conference of 1833, complaint was made of it, and there was a good deal of scolding. Dr. Bunting alluded with some scorn to the asterisks on certain preachers' plans, which represented not only the appointments of Mrs. Taft, but those of Dinah Morris as well.

In the controversy that was waged over the preaching of Mrs. Taft, one holy and venerated man—President of the Conference two years after Mr. Wesley's death—the Rev. John Pawson—boldly stood up in defence of her preaching, and recommended her employment for special services. Still,

prejudice ran high, many official Methodists were opposed, and so Mr. Taft published his book, as he tells his readers, "to offer a little encouragement to female preachers in general"; and, as any one can see, to put the case of these preachers in as favourable a light as possible, both on Scriptural grounds, and also on the plea of manifest success in the conversion of souls. He cites with pride the manifold examples of the showing forth through the instrumentality of consecrated women of that abiding miracle of Christianity—the changed hearts and lives of sinful men and women. The answer of the blind man whom our Lord

healed in Jerusalem naturally comes to mind: "Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes." So Mr. Taft appears to say: Here are hundreds of converts won to the Church by the preaching of women, and yet you in your rigid zeal would forbid them. The argument from Scripture is not all on one side. You have misunderstood Paul, and by your narrow interpretations of the Word, would limit the workings of the Holy Spirit and fight against God. This, in a few words, is the point of view of the introduction to Mr. Taft's book, and this is the argument running through all his sketches.

The first deals with that wonderful woman,

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## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

Mrs. Susannah Wesley. The second relates to another truly great woman, the saintly wife of the Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley. The public ministry of both these wives of beneficed clergymen was undoubtedly irregular, but, as is shown in Mr. Taft's memoirs, it was a ministry of great spiritual power and blessed fruitfulness to many people. In the selection of his examples of female usefulness in preaching Mr. Taft was eminently catholic. They were not all Methodists by any means. Some were taken from the Society of Friends, some from the Congregationalists, and one was a titled Russian lady, the

Baroness de Krudener. Of this devoted woman we are told that in her self-denying zeal she prosecuted evangelistic labours in her own country, in France and in Switzerland, that she was most beneficent in the employment of her large fortune, but that, like the women preachers in England, she was everywhere opposed by officials in the churches, who thought that such exercises were an infraction of ecclesiastical order and a breach of apostolic discipline. The sketch of the Baroness is the sixteenth in Mr. Taft's collection, and that of Dinah Morris is the seventeenth. The whole volume glows with the fires of intense zeal and fervent piety. The style is often rugged and homely, but no one can read the book without feeling the sublime reality of the lives it presents to us, and without gaining new impressions of the immense possibilities to be realised by giving unfettered freedom to the work of the God-inspired female evangelist.

In the account of Dinah Morris the subject is allowed to tell her own story, which she does in thirteen closely-printed pages. She had been long known to the compiler. Indeed, in that very incident in the aunt's life which became, according to George Eliot, the germ of *Adam Bede*, Mr. Taft was, as we shall see, brought into very close relationship with Dinah Morris. For several years he was her superintendent

minister. More than twenty years after this, his book was published, and he winds up his sketch of her after this fashion: "I might have detained the reader, and that very profitably, with a larger portion of the labours and experience of this pious and useful woman, and I might have stated from my own personal knowledge, and from other sources, which her modesty and humility would not allow her to record, many interesting facts showing that she has been and now is a person whom the Lord delights to honour."

I think I know what Mr. Taft meant by his interesting and striking facts. Through-



CHURCH AT WORTHINGTON, WHERE DINAH MORRIS WAS CHRISTENED

out the life of Dinah Morris there runs a vein of the miraculous. Indeed, more or less, this element manifests itself in well-nigh all the sketches contained in his book.

One might well inquire whether George Eliot knew this quaint old volume. I cannot speak with assurance on this point, but I am certain that it was well known in the Evans family; it was immensely prized by my grandmother and my mother, who handed it to me, and, judging from probabilities, I have no doubt George Eliot knew it well, not that it has coloured her portrait of Dinah Morris. I feel certain that one of the early copies would find its way to Griff House while George Eliot was yet an inquiring and wondering child. At all

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

events, the book is positive proof that the aunt, on whom George Eliot has conferred a beneficent immortality, was famous in the eyes of many thousands of Methodist people long before *Adam Bede* had taken shape in her mind.

Our recital concerning the book will serve to show how the sketch supplied by Mr. Taft will assist us in pursuing the life-story of the real Dinah Morris. We have solid ground to go upon, and our narrative will be found to be full of interest.

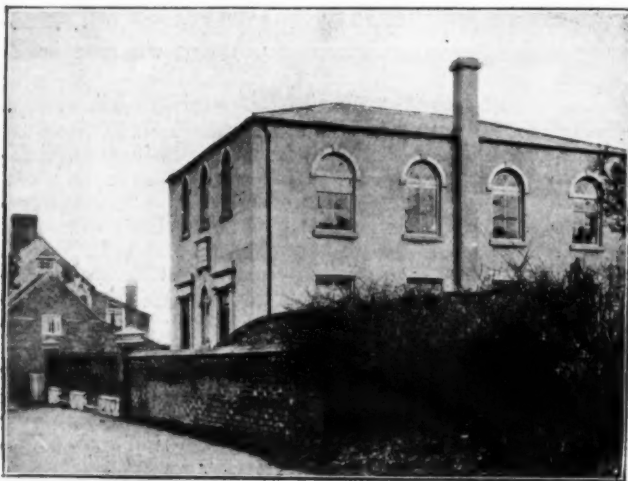
In Dinah Morris's autobiographical statement the first note struck is one of blended duty and humility:—

"For a long time I have felt it more or less my duty to write a short account of my unprofitable life, but it is with great difficulty I make a beginning. However, in the fear of the Lord, and, I trust, with a single eye to His glory I at last submit to take up my pen. I was born at Newbold, in Leicestershire, in the year of our Lord 1776."

The place here named is a township of the parish of Worthington, four and a half miles north of Ashby de la Zouch. It is a quiet rural spot in the midst of an undulating pastoral country, where, until recent years, agriculture was almost the only employment. Now there are large brick-yards in the parish and coal-mines in the neighbourhood. The church of St. Matthew is a plain old-fashioned structure, formerly a chapel-of-ease to the parish of Bredon-on-the-Hill. At Worthington there is an interesting relic of former days in the shape of a round-house or lock-up. Formerly

no considerable parish was thought to be complete without its round-house, its stocks and its whipping-post. Sometimes the lock-up was styled the blind-house, because it was built without windows. Such is the one at Worthington. It is a quaint structure, appearing, at a distance, like a low tapering pedestal, and has very narrow accommodations. It was a place for the temporary detention of prisoners, but, like all other such places, has long been disused. Very few of them have been allowed to remain. Modern improvements have dealt rudely with old institutions. In times which I can well remember, many small boroughs had their jail and treadmill, and one can scarcely wish them back again. We can hardly congratulate ourselves on our freedom from crime, as a whole, but if, in addition to educating our young people, the manifest determination to lessen the temptations to indulgence in strong drink should take effect, as appearances seem to promise, we may confidently anticipate a marked diminution of crime in the near future.

At the distance of a short walk from Worthington and Newbold, across a pleasant vale and water-brook, there is the hamlet of Griffy Dam, or as it undoubtedly was, originally, Griffith's Dam. Here there is a good-sized, old-fashioned Wesleyan chapel, with a considerable graveyard attached to it, in which Dinah Morris's father was interred in virtue of his own request. In this very chapel she heard sermons when only seven or eight years old which she never forgot, and in her autobiography mentioned the texts on which they were founded. In after life she always declared that even at that early period God was speaking to her young heart. Her father, she tells us, was a sincere churchman, who was extremely moral and upright, who loathed every kind of untruthfulness and dishonesty, and strove to train his children according to the light that was in him, but fell short as she thought of a personal religious experience. In later years paralysis overtook him,



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, GRIFFY DAM

## The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris

when he received visits from the friends at the chapel and even had prayer meetings in his own house. It was in consequence of this that he desired interment in the chapel burial-ground. His daughter cherished every hope in the father's spiritual condition in his later years, as she had every reason to do. The mother was one of those awakened souls who walked truly according to the things she knew, longed earnestly for a light she had not found, and yearned in spirit for an assurance which only came

to her almost with her dying breath. Both father and mother were worthy people, children of toil, simple, godly, Christian village residents, peaceful and orderly in all their ways. The father's name was Thomas Tomlinson—the mother was suddenly snatched away while her baby was still in its first year. In his reminiscences of Dinah Morris, gathered mostly from her own lips, Mr. Chadwick tells us that the mother, conscious of approaching death, committed her darling babe to her God, and solemnly devoted her to His service. The recital of the events of the mother's death deeply influenced her whole life. From tender years she was told that she was God's child, and belonged to Him by the holy consecration of a mother's prayers.

A singular occurrence is mentioned in her account of the mother's death, related with much brevity and modesty, as became Dinah Morris. I have, however, heard some amplifications of that account from family sources which enable me to fill up the outlines of the narrative. We are then to suppose the dying woman rapidly approaching her end, with a deep yearning in her soul for spiritual manifestations she had not received. There was no one about her who could impart the instruction for which she was longing. She seems to have been more or less shut out from contact with outward things by approaching dissolution when an unexpected visitor arrived. Thomas Tomlinson had a cousin living at a distance of some miles who was



VIEW IN GRIFFY DAM, WORTHINGTON

a devoted Methodist. On the day of Mrs. Tomlinson's decease this cousin had an irresistible impression that he must go and visit his friends at Newbold, although he knew of no reason why he should do so, as he had received no tidings of the illness of his relative. He obeyed this unaccountable impression, and found her *in extremis*. Nevertheless, he tenderly addressed her in the blessed language of the old, old story, and she revived on hearing it, received it with glad thanksgiving, saying: "The Lord Jesus Christ has sent you here to show me the way of salvation." It was then she was able to devote her child to the service of Heaven, and shortly afterwards died in peace. The story of the mother's death was often related by Dinah Morris to her chosen friends, among others to my mother. She believed that the impression so mysteriously fixed in the mind of the cousin to visit the home at Newbold was a divine intimation, as surely as was the vision which prepared the Apostle Peter to carry the blessed evangel to Cornelius and his household at Caesarea.

None could know what should be the future of that frail, motherless child. But at least we may conclude that the loving-kindness of the Heavenly Shepherd revived the spirit of the departing mother, as we know it shed through life a radiant light on the offspring she loved so well. Truly the mother's dying prayer to God was answered, and her babe was in reality given to be His child for ever.

# Jill's Red Bag

BY AMY LE FEUVRE

AUTHOR OF "PROBABLE SONS"

## CHAPTER IX.—TRYING TO BE "DOUBLE GOOD"

"ARE you going away?"

It was Jack who spoke, and who stood at the door of Captain Willoughby's room, looking at the half-filled portmanteaus, and the general chaos of a man's quarters when he is on the point of departure. It was before breakfast, and being a rainy morning, Jack was wandering about the passages seeking for some occupation.

Captain Willoughby looked up from his employment. He was vainly trying to strap a Gladstone bag, and was muttering imprecations under his breath.

"Now then, young shaver, what do you want? You children are always turning up when you aren't desired. I have to thank your small sister yesterday for an interruption which proved disastrous!"

Jack edged himself in, and climbed up to the iron foot-rail of the bed, where he sat swinging his legs.

"Why are you going?"

"You didn't think I had taken up my quarters here for good and all, did you?"

Captain Willoughby's tone was distinctly irritable.

"You needn't be waxy," said Jack cheekily. "There's one thing! I know you'll be back again before long!"

"Shall I?" said the Captain, giving a vicious tug to his straps. "I shall volunteer to go out to India with the next draft; I'm sick of England."

"Do tell me why you're so cross," said Jack with interest, as he clasped his hands round his knees.

Captain Willoughby had finished his task. He sat down upon his bag with a sigh of relief.

"There! I shall leave my man to do the rest. The world is an utter failure, Jack, that's what it is!"

"Is it?" said Jack innocently.

"Yes," went on Captain Willoughby. "And it's the women who are at the bottom of it. They're all the same—unstable, uncertain, fickle, false, their moods change from day to day; they make you believe in them, and take you in all round, and then

are quite surprised to see that you are taken aback by their complete change of tone and mind. It's a bad thing, my boy, to spend too much time with women. Remember that when you grow up. You will rue the day you made their acquaintance."

This dissertation was perfectly incomprehensible to Jack. He stared at the Captain with open eyes and mouth. Then he slipped down from his perch.

"I'm sorry you're so put out," he said. "I suppose you're cross because you have to go away."

Then he slipped out of the room, and confided to Jill that Captain Willoughby was awfully cross with everybody in the world, and that she had better keep out of his way.

The children with their governess occasionally lunched in the dining-room, when there were no visitors.

Jack looked round on this particular day before he commenced to eat.

"There are five women," he announced; "and I'm the only man. It's a bad look-out for me!"

"Why?" asked Mona, who had been sitting at the head of the table rather *distract* and silent.

"Because," said Jack slowly, "Captain Willoughby told me this morning that it is a bad thing to spend too much time with women."

Mona's cheeks flushed a deep crimson. Miss Webb glared at Jack through her pince-nez, and then Mona laughed outright.

"I'm afraid your lot is cast amongst women for the present, Jack. When you are Captain Willoughby's age, I advise you to be careful how you cultivate their society."

"Mona!" said Miss Webb warningly.

"Oh yes," said Mona; "I mean it. And if a woman, Jack, gets tired of your company, and doesn't like the idea of spending all her life with you, take yourself off like a man, and don't be talking over your grievances with everybody you come across!"

Jack said no more. His sister's words were like Captain Willoughby's, beyond his comprehension.



## Jill's Red Bag

Jill's walk to the Golden City was a very halting one. When she was put to bed at night she generally reviewed her path through the day, and sometimes Bumps was favoured with her confidences.

"I've had an *awful* day," she admitted one night after a series of misdemeanours and punishments. "I meant to go as straight as—as a ruler, and I've gone all crooked. I always mean to behave, but things happen to make me forget!"

"Yeth," said Bumps a little virtuously. "You forgot when you dressed up the black cat in Annie's cap and apron that she alwayth goes in the coal cellar when she's frightened. And when Annie is croth, she's horrid! When you locked her up here becauth she said she'd tell Miss Falkner, I knew she'd bang at the door till she brought everybody up-stairs. I tolded you tho."

"Well," said Jill, sighing; "when Miss Falkner gave me a column of spelling to learn as a punishment, I did mean to do it; but when I saw Sam pass through the garden, I just forgot all about it, and all I thought was that this was the day he got his money, and I must ask him again about his tenth—of course that was another crooked turn I took; and when Miss Falkner said she couldn't trust me, I think Satan came up behind and pushed me down as hard as he could. For I don't remember what I called her! I only know I was in a passion."

"You called her a 'beatht!'" said Bumps in a shocked tone; "and Jack and I heard you, and Jack said *he* wouldn't never have called her that!"

"And then I threw the spelling-book in the fire, and then I was sent to bed," pursued Jill mournfully. "I wonder, Bumps, if you can make up for one bad day in the next. You see, if I was sent to walk two miles along a road, and I only did a little bit of one mile, and the rest of the time I went into crooked lanes and got myself into serapes, I think the next day if I ran hard all day, and never stopped to sit down one minute, perhaps I could do the two miles I didn't do the day before, and two more besides."

"Two and two make four," said Bumps complacently. "Will you try to-morrow, Jill?"

"I think I will," said Jill. "I don't want to lose a day if I can help it."

The next morning she remembered her

resolve, and she added a silent petition to her morning prayer—

"O God, please help me to run hard and very straight to-day. Keep me from tumbling, and let me make up for yesterday, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Jill is going to be very, *very* good to-day," said Bumps confidentially to Jack.

"Is she?" said Jack with interest. "Then I'll ask her to give me those stamps Captain Willoughby gave her the other day."

Jill was taken aback by this request.

"They are mine, Jack. You know I'm beginning to collect them."

"Yes, but it will be unkind if you don't give them to me, because I want them. You should try to please others before yourself, that's what Miss Falkner says."

Jill did not see this.

"I thought you were going to be double good to-day," said crafty Jack.

"Yes," said Jill slowly; "but if you take them it will be unkind and selfish of you."

"But I'm not trying to be good to-day like you," argued Jack, quite unabashed.

"But I shall be making it easy for you to be wicked; I shall be helping you to do an unkind thing."

They were in the thick of their argument when Miss Falkner came into the room, so they dropped it. Lessons were started, and progressed very smoothly. At twelve o'clock, when they were dismissed, Jill came to Jack, and put the stamps into his hand.

"There they are," she said; "but I wouldn't be you for *anything*!"

"I've helped you to be good," said Jack with the greatest satisfaction, as he sat down at the school-room table, and began to stick the stamps into his album at once.

Jill ran out into the garden.

"Come and thwing me!" cried Bumps.

"I can't, Bumps, I must try and do something wonderfully good."

"What will you do?" asked Bumps curiously.

"I don't know; I think I will get the Bible and find out."

As quick in action as in thought, Jill darted into the house, and soon returned with her Bible in her hand. For some minutes she turned over the leaves of it unsuccessfully, then an under-gardener passed her.

Now this young man was a local chapel preacher, and Jill had heard some of the

## Jill's Red Bag

servants call him "a shining light." She looked up at him inquiringly.

"Tom," she said, "what is the very goodest thing to do when you want to be really good?"

Tom scratched his head.

"'Tis God's Word will tell 'ee, Miss Jill. There be that sayin' of Apostle James—'Pure religion an' undefiled is to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.' 'Tisn't many that get beyond that!"

"Thank you," said Jill in delight. "Please show me the verse in case I may forget it."

So Tom took her Bible in his hand and found it for her, then went on his way; and Jill began to formulate her plans with great rapidity.

"Unspotted from the world' means, of course, not to tumble down and dirty my frock on the way to the Golden City. That I'm trying to do hard, but I haven't visited any widows, and I know there are two or three in the village. That will be a lovely way of doing good. I will go at once."

But alas for Jill! Mona was calling her to come and pick some flowers for her.

For a minute she thought of running away, then her conscience told her—

"That will not be running in a straight road," and she reluctantly obeyed her sister's call, and picked flowers till the bell rang for the school-room dinner.

She was not free from lessons till four o'clock. Then, without saying a word to any one, she put on her hat and ran out of the house and down the long drive as fast as her legs could carry her. She knew one old widow by sight, but she had never been inside her cottage. She was rather shunned by her neighbours, as she was a very dirty, thriftless woman, and earned her living by collecting rags and bones.

Jill knocked at her door eagerly and breathlessly.

The old woman poked her head out and looked at her crossly.

"What do 'ee want?"

"I've come to visit you."

"Don't want no visits from plaguy children!"

The door was banged in her face.

Poor Jill retired discomfited. Then she thought of another widow who had lately lost her husband, a very respectable farmer. She lived at a farm some distance off, but distance was no detriment to Jill's purpose.

Away she went; across fields and down lanes; getting more tired and heated every step she took.

She found the young woman at her wash-tub.

"May I come in and visit you?" asked Jill meekly.

"Come in and welcome, miss. I think you be one of the little ladies belongin' to Miss Baron?"

"Yes, I am," said Jill, seating herself on a low stool with a sigh of relief. "I'm glad you will let me come in. Old Mrs. Jonas wouldn't!"

"That old cat! Why, miss, you be never tryin' to visit her?"

"I'm visiting all the widows I can find to-day," said Jill solemnly. "The Bible tells me to."

Young Mrs. Drake put her apron to her eyes.

"Ay, dearie me! My poor, dear husband! To think that I be called a widder along wi' that old good-for-nothin' Mrs. Jonas! Oh, 'tis a cruel, wicked world, and hard on me that has allays done me duty an' attended church reg'lar!"

"Don't cry, please," said Jill, only dimly understanding the drift of her words. "You can't help being a widow, you know. That's why I've come to see you. And I've come to see your children too, because it says the 'fatherless!'—"

But at this Mrs. Drake began to sob afresh, and so violently that Jill felt quite alarmed.

"So they be! 'Fatherless.' An' only last Wednesday three weeks he were a dandlin' of 'em on his knee. Oh, 'tis hard, 'tis cruel hard on a poor, single woman!"

A hard-featured woman put her head in at the door.

"Why, Polly, what be 'ee makin' such a moan over?"

Then seeing Jill, she stepped forward.

Mrs. Drake sobbed the louder.

"Little miss have been mindin' me that I'm a lone widder, and my chillen fatherless. So they be, the poor critturs, but 'tis hard to have it thrown up agen me. Ah, my poor, dear husband! Oh, Jim, Jim! why did 'ee leave me?"

She began to beat her hands to and fro, and seemed to be hysterically inclined.

"Run away," said the hard-featured woman. "You won't do no good here, missy. Poor soul! she has been well-nigh distracted, and I were hopin' she were

gettin' over the worst of it, and now she be so bad as ever!"

Jill crept out of the house feeling her visit had been a failure.

As she gained the high-road again, she met Sir Henry Talbot, whom Bumps still called the "keeper."

He was very good to the children, and stopped directly he saw her.

"Hullo!" he said. "Are you having another truant day? Are you all alone?"

"I'm not truanting," said Jill. "I've been looking for widows. Do you know any, Sir Henry?"

He laughed.

"I do. Now, what do you want widows for? Tell me, and I'll help you."

Jill hesitated.

"You won't laugh at me?"

"On my honour, no."

"I'm trying to be double good to-day, so I'm visiting them, like the Bible says we must."

Sir Henry did not laugh. He only stood and looked at her.

"And what do you say to them when you see them?"

"That's the difficult part," said Jill. "I don't quite know what to say. I've been to one widow, and she wouldn't let me in, and I've been to another and made her cry."

"And now you're looking for a third. Well, I will help you. Do you see that big house behind the trees over there? A widow lives there, and her name is Mrs. Beresford. Go and see her, and make her cry if you can."

"But I don't want to make them cry," said Jill. "Will she like to see me?"

"I should think she would. I should, if I were a widow."

"Has she any children? I want to visit some fatherless."

"Happy thought! Come home and have some tea with me. I'm a fatherless creature. My father died when I was an infant."

"I think," said Jill slowly, "the Bible means poor widows and fatherless. You aren't in affliction, are you?"

"No," said Sir Henry. "I can hardly say I am."

"Then thank you very much, but I shall have to look for some really poor people."

And nothing that he could say would induce her to accompany him home.

She plodded back to the village, but before she reached it, she came upon a little party of tramps who had drawn up

their pony and cart by the roadside, and were eating their evening meal.

They were not prepossessing in appearance. Two women, both of whom seemed careworn and down-trodden, four children, ragged and dirty, and a sullen, bad-tempered-looking man. Jill looked at them with interest. One of the women had a rusty piece of crape on her bonnet. It was that which prompted Jill to speak.

"Are you a widow?" she asked.

The woman stared at her, but the elder one of the two gave her a nudge, then answered for her.

"Yes, little lady, she be, indeed; lost her poor husband a few weeks ago, an' leaves 'er with three chillen under four year. 'Ave you a copper, miss, to give 'er? for she be on her way to the 'ouse."

"I'm afraid I haven't any money," said Jill, "but I'll sit down and talk to her. It's what I came out to do—to visit widows."

The man eyed Jill up and down in a way that she did not much like, but she was a fearless child, and was so full of the part she meant to play that she did not think of anything else.

"I suppose you are in affliction," she said, gazing sympathetically into the woman's face. "I'm so sorry for you. Do tell me which are your little children."

The woman looked at Jill with dull, curious eyes. She indicated her little ones by a backward movement of her thumb.

"And what house are you going to?" asked Jill.

"There be only one 'ouse for the likes o' me," the woman responded bitterly; then she turned her head to watch the approach of a carriage.

Jill enticed one of the small children to come to her. She heard a carriage pass, but did not look up, then she was startled by her name being called, and sprang to her feet.

Mona was calling her, for it was she and Miss Webb who were driving by.

Mona's disgust was great at seeing a party of the lowest class of tramps sitting by the roadside, and her little sister in the midst of them. She spoke very sharply—

"Come here at once, Jill! What do you mean by disgracing yourself and us so?"

Jill turned to the woman politely.

"I'm sorry I have to go," she said.

"Good-bye."

She insisted on shaking hands, then came up to the carriage-door, looking a little defiant.

## Jill's Red Bag

"Get in at once, and we will drive home. How is it, Miss Webb, that even with this immaculate Miss Falkner these children are for ever getting into scrapes?"

Jill climbed into the carriage, feeling very uncomfortable under her sister's scrutiny. She was conscious that she was very heated and untidy; Mona's fresh daintiness made her feel her own deficiency in neatness.

"Give me an explanation of this at once, you naughty child," said Mona peremptorily.

Jill's eyes flashed.

"I'm not naughty," she said indignantly; "I've—I've been visiting widows."

Miss Webb scented amusement. She sat up straight, and tapped Jill's knee with her pince-nez.

"That's very interesting," she said.

"Of course, visiting widows is not a sin. But who told you to do it? And why did you pick out a family of tramps to work off your energy upon?"

Jill shut her mouth firmly. She keenly resented Miss Webb's tone of ridicule, and determined to say no more.

Mona gave her a long lecture upon the dangers to which she had exposed herself in making friends with tramps, and when they reached home she was delivered over to her governess with a sharp injunction to punish her for running away, and keep her in the school-room for the rest of the evening.

"So that's what I get for trying to be double good!" said poor Jill when she was in bed that night. "I never will try it again!"

"Perhaps," said Bumps, with wisdom beyond her years, "it wasn't quite the right way to be it!"



"I'M SORRY I HAVE TO GO," SHE SAID. "GOOD-BYE"



## Jill's Red Bag

### CHAPTER X.—A PAPER CHASE

SAM STONE did not hold out very long. Jill pursued him everywhere, and was never tired of dilating on his selfishness and greediness, in refusing to give up a tenth of his weekly wage.

She was beside herself with delight one day, when he came to her with a two-shilling piece.

"That be my portion for that there red bag, missy," he said. "I'll stick to it for a bit an' give it reg'lar every week, but if-so-be that I be wantin' of it, well, I must have it. That's all I can say, an' I hope fayther won't miss his comforts through it!"

"You must *never* go back from it," said Jill, looking up at him solemnly. "It's a vow! You can't break a vow, it's a much more solemn thing than a promise!"

"But I don't mean to make no vow!" said Sam.

That would not suit Jill at all. She talked away to him, and finally threatened that she would get Miss Falkner to come and see him and explain it to him.

"She'll make you see you ought to do it."

"I'll do my best, missy, but 'tis the prayer you say I must make, stumps me. I've been a-looking through the chapter, an' Jacob he spoke up very certain-like about the Lord being his God. I don't set up to be a religious man myself, and I don't want to make no promises that I bain't a-goin' to keep!"

Jill insisted upon getting her Bible and reading the verses through to him.

"Jacob doesn't promise anything wonderful, Sam. He only says, if God will be good to him and take care of him, he will make Him his God, and give his tenth to Him. Why, the Lord is your God, Sam, isn't He?"

"I don't know what the words mean rightly," said Sam dubiously.

"They just mean that you must belong to God, and He will belong to you. You do belong to Him already, Sam, you know you do!"

"I bain't so sure."

"Oh, Sam! God made you, and keeps you alive every day, and Miss Falkner says it isn't only what God does for us, but Jesus died for us, so that ought to make us belong to Him doubly sure!"

"Well," said Sam after long thought, "I'll come to 'Bethel' to-morrow."

So the next day saw him go through the

little ceremony with great feeling and earnestness of purpose, though the effort cost him a good deal.

"I've done it, fayther," he said when he went home, "I've taken the vow for good and all. I thought it were a kind o' game when Miss Jill first brought it up, but I've been readin' the Bible, an' it do seem very plain, an'—an'—well—we do be ungrateful creatures to the good God!"

The scarlet bag grew heavy with coppers as time went on. Norah and Rose Beecher came over to tea one day, and were persuaded to join "Our Tenth Society"!

Jill got to calling it grandly the "O.T.S.," and soon had the satisfaction of enrolling Annie the school-room maid as one of its members.

Then came talk of summer holidays. Mona came into the school-room one evening to consult with Miss Falkner about it.

"I suppose you must go home?" she asked. "You would not be able to take the children to the seaside?"

"I am afraid not," said Miss Falkner. "I have a mother who lives quite alone, and who looks for me to come to her whenever I can."

"Ah," said Mona with a little sigh. "You have something that I have not."

Then she added in a different tone—

"I don't know what to do with the children. They play such pranks, and they're too old for nurses. Jack and Jill are quite beyond them."

Miss Falkner could offer no suggestion. Mona went on—

"Miss Webb has offered to look after them, but I want her to come abroad with me, and she cannot do both."

"I suppose you will have to leave them here for their holidays?"

"I see the look in your eyes, Miss Falkner! You think me a selfish wretch for letting my claims on Miss Webb come first. Perhaps you are like Mrs. Errington, who at once saw a solution out of the difficulty. 'Take them to some comfortable farmhouse and look after them yourself.' I told her I should be worn out in twenty-four hours. I often wonder how you can stand it!"

"It is my life-work," said Miss Falkner quietly. "But I am so fond of children that they do not tire me."

"Well," said Mona, giving an impatient sigh, "my life-work at present is to amuse myself. I find it hard work sometimes."

## Jill's Red Bag

But as you won't make it easy for me to carry off Miss Webb, I suppose I must leave her behind."

And so it was settled. Miss Webb resigned herself to her fate. Mona went to some of her numerous friends, and Miss Falkner took her departure.

The children hovered about her as she packed, the day before she went, and hindered rather than helped her.

"Just tell me what your mother and your home is like," said Jill. "I'm going to shut my eyes and pretend I see you. Make yourself saying 'How do you do,' to her."

Miss Falkner smiled.

"Shut your eyes then. A narrow street, and a terrace of small houses with little balconies above. A cab stops at the door, and a young woman—shall I call her?—hurries up the narrow steps. Some one has been watching at the door. A gentle sweet-faced woman with a bright smile and tired body comes forward to greet her. Then she takes her to a little upstairs drawing-room, which is full of sweet-smelling flowers, and a canary bird and a big tabby cat—both the best of friends—are also waiting to greet the home-comer. Tea is waiting. A little rosy-cheeked maid brings the kettle in. The windows are open, but the small balcony is full of flowers, and the scent and sight of them makes one forget the narrow, dingy street outside. Can you see my home, Jill? Can you see me sitting down by my mother's side, and saying, 'No more lessons and no more children for six weeks'?"

"Yes," said Jill with tightly-closed eyes, "I can see you; but, oh, Miss Falkner," and here she flung her arms round her governess's neck as she was stooping to put some things in her travelling trunk, "promise on your word and honour that you'll come back to us!"

"Indeed I hope to do so, dear."

"And don't, *don't* like your mother better than us!"

Miss Falkner could not help laughing. When the very thought of her mother brought a light to her eye and a lump in her throat; when the anticipation of her mother's kiss and greeting was now the first waking thought, how could she explain to a motherless child the strong tie between an only daughter and her mother!

"You must be a good child, Jill, whilst I am away. Let me find you when I come

back steadily going forward towards the Golden City. God will help you, darling."

Jill nodded soberly.

"And we'll go on filling our bag. And perhaps the mission church will be built by the time you come back."

Miss Falkner did not damp her hopes. She parted with her little pupils with sincere regret. Bumps sobbed audibly when she wished her good-bye, and Jill crept up to her room to have her weep out in secret. Jack appeared stolidly unconcerned, but when the carriage had taken Miss Falkner away, he went straight to the stables, a forbidden resort.

"Here, Stokes," he called out to one of the grooms, "I've come out here because it's so beastly dull, and I don't care who finds me here; for there isn't a person left in the house that I care about at all!"

For the first few days the children missed their governess very much, then the delights of the holidays took full possession of them. Miss Webb was valiantly trying to do her duty. She took them for drives and for picnics in the woods. She went into the nearest town and bought them outdoor games and story-books; and if she saw them safely to bed at the end of the day without any serious mishap having taken place, she heaved a sigh of relief and said—

"One more day got through safely!"

Jack was her greatest trial. Jill was really trying to be good, but Jack's spirits were hard to restrain, and whatever he did, and wherever he went, Bumps was sure to follow.

One afternoon after their early dinner, Miss Webb retired to her room with a headache. It was a hot, sultry day in August. She left her charges playing a game of cricket on their lawn, and hoped they would stay there till tea-time.

Jill was the first one to give up cricket.

"I'm going to write a letter to Miss Falkner," she said. "You go on playing without me."

"Bumps can't bowl," complained Jack: "she throws the ball up into the sky as if she's aiming at the sun."

"I'll bat," suggested Bumps cheerfully.

"Yes, and I'll put you out, first ball. There you are, you little stupid!"

Bumps stared blankly at her wicket, then at Jack.

"What shall we do next?" she inquired.

"We'll have a paper chase," suggested Jack, who was never at a loss.

"And where shall we get the paper?" asked Bumps in great glee at the prospect.

"Oh, come on into the house. We'll find it somewhere."

Jack was not particular where he got his paper. Miss Webb's waste-paper basket was first seized, then *The Times* of the day before and sundry magazines in the drawing-room, then the library was invaded and various papers and circulars abstracted from the writing-table.

"I shall be here, of course," said Jack as he sat down on the floor with Bumps, and rapidly began to tear his various papers to pieces. "You must give me ten minutes' start, Bumps, by the clock, and then you must follow the paper, and never stop till you catch me up."

"You won't go twenty miles away?" said Bumps very anxiously.

"Of course I won't! And get Jill to come with you. It will be much greater fun if she comes."

Tearing the papers up kept them quiet for a good half-hour, and then Jack started, first taking off his jacket, and making Bumps promise on her honour not to look which way he went.



"IS SHE DEAD?" CRIED JILL

She waited her ten minutes and then went to Jill.

"Jill, do come and be the other hound. Jack has gone, and oh! he has gone through the thtable—I thee the paper!"

Bumps was too excited to wait. Jill was lying flat on the grass and hardly turned her head. She murmured, "It's too hot," and went on with her writing.

The afternoon wore on. Miss Webb was

## Jill's Red Bag

roused by the tea-bell, and went down-stairs congratulating herself upon the quiet behaviour of the children. She found Jill deep in a story-book.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"Paper-chasing," said Jill. "Aren't they stupid, this hot afternoon?"

"But I hope they have not gone far?"

"I don't know. The last time I did it, I was the hare, and I climbed a wall, and fell through a greenhouse the other side, and I was ill for three weeks; the gardener said I might have killed myself."

This was hardly comforting. Miss Webb looked anxiously out of the window.

"If they do not come soon, we must go and look for them. I hope they have not gone outside the grounds!"

"Oh, they mayn't be back till bed-time," said Jill.

"You ought not to have let Bumps go," said Miss Webb sharply. "She is far too small. You ought to have looked after her better!"

Jill did not appear moved in the slightest. She ate her tea and wondered at Miss Webb's concern; but as time went on, and there was no sign of the hare or hound, she began to share Miss Webb's anxiety.

"I'll go and look for them."

Out she ran, and Annie was made to accompany her. They followed the paper down the drive, out into the road and across two fields; then it went through a farm-yard, up into a loft, down again, and out at a small back gate. The farmer's wife came out and said she had seen both the children, for Bumps had tumbled down in the yard and grazed her knees.

"An' I took her in, an' gave her a piece of plaster, but she were dead set on following the young gentleman."

After going up the lane and going through another field, Annie said she could go no further.

"'Tis getting dark, and they'll most like be home by this time. Come back, Miss Jill. Master Jack ought to be ashamed of himself, leading us this chase!"

So they turned back, but when they came in they found that Miss Webb had ordered the gardeners and grooms all out, for they had not returned.

Jill's bed-time came. It grew quite dark, and then at last voices were heard in the hall, and Miss Webb rushed out. It was Bumps in the arms of a big farmer.

"I found her in a ditch," he said; "my

mare shied as I were a-drivin' home, and I seed somethin' white by the roadside, and then I seed it were a child. She have hurt her foot, poor little 'un. She must have falled a-tryin' to get over a fence above!"

"Is she dead?" cried Jill, pressing forward, for Bumps hung a limp and apparently lifeless bundle over the farmer's arm.

"Bless 'ee, no! Her be faint an' exhausted, but put her to bed an' she'll be all right in the mornin'. Leastwise if her foot be not injured!"

So poor Bumps was put to bed, and her little swollen foot bathed and bandaged, and after a good deal of petting and feeding, she was able to look up and speak.

"It wath my short legs," she said sadly, and somehow or other this old excuse of hers, which was always brought forward when she had failed to do what the others did, brought the tears as well as a smile to Miss Webb's face. Not a word of blame or reproach was uttered. But when she had dropped into a sound sleep, Miss Webb left her, and her thoughts were now centred on the missing Jack.

The gardeners and grooms failed to trace him, and returned to the house between ten and eleven that night without having found any sign of him. Miss Webb passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning the search was continued.

But Jill was the first in the field. She got up at six o'clock, and with determination in her small face, she trotted off, following the paper track.

Over the same ground as the day before she went, but now in the sunshine it was a different matter, and though in some places the paper had disappeared, her sharp eyes tracked it out again, and she went on with renewed vigour.

At last she came to a standstill. The paper was to be seen close to a private plantation. And then it went no further. Jill climbed a low fence in spite of a board with "Trespassers will be prosecuted," and looked in every direction for signs of more paper. But none did she find.

"I'll go through the plantation," she said to herself, "and see where it leads, for I believe that Jack must have come to an end of his paper."

She followed a little beaten track; and presently with joy saw lying in a bush a white cotton pillow-case. It had been missing from Jack's bed the night before,



## Jill's Red Bag

and was the bag he carried his paper in. Jill took it up and found it—as she expected—empty. Then she pressed forward, and at last came to the other end of the plantation. A deep and rather wide stream ran between it and a green field, in which there were several horses grazing. She looked down at the stream, then taking off her shoes and stockings she boldly splashed across. She was in the act of putting her stockings on again, when a gruff voice startled her.

"Now here's another of 'em!"

Looking up she encountered the gaze of a stout, red-faced old gentleman.

"Have you seen Jack?" she asked eagerly.

He shook his fist at her.

"Didn't you see my board?" he shouted.

"How dare you come on in the face of it, and disturb my birds! If it isn't poachers, it's children now-a-days. I hate 'em both!"

"I'm very sorry," said Jill; "but please where is Jack? He has been away all night, and we can't find him."

"If that impudent boy I caught and thrashed yesterday was Jack, you had better follow him, and if you aren't quick about it you'll get what he got!"

He brandished his stick so fiercely, that Jill fled in terror across the field. Out of a white gate and down a lane she ran, and never stopped till she reached a small cottage. Here she pulled up, and breathlessly asked a woman if she had seen her brother.

"Were he a small boy with flannel shirt and trousers, and a straw hat? Then yestere'en, 'bout seven o'clock, he came runnin' down the road, an' Mike the tinker were in front with his old cart. I seed the boy speak to 'im, and then up he climbed, and away they drove, and I'm afeared that Mike was the worse for drink."

"Where does Mike live?" asked Jill, with a sinking heart.

"About four mile from here, but he were a-goin' on his rounds, and his next stopping-place were at Thornton."

Thornton was the nearest town. Jill

knew it well, but it was beyond her walking powers.

"I can't think why he hasn't come home," she said, half crying. "I don't know what to do."

"Here's some 'un comin'," said the woman, shading her eyes with her hand. "'Tis a man on a hoss."

Jill looked down the road, and when the rider drew near, she saw to her intense delight that it was Sir Henry Talbot.

He stopped his horse directly he saw her.

"What!" he said; "another of you straying. Are you still looking for widows?"

"Oh no," Jill cried; "I'm looking for Jack. He is lost, and I've come out to find him, and a drunk tinker has driven him away!"

Sir Henry nodded gravely.

"I know all about it," he said; "I've sent Jack home in my carriage."

Jill's face brightened at once.

"Oh, I am so glad; why didn't he come home?"

"He couldn't very well. I was driving home last night from a dinner-party between twelve and one, and I came upon the tinker and Jack under the cart and horse by the old bridge. It's a wonder they hadn't fallen into the river. The tinker had his ribs broken, and Jack a nasty cut on the head, but my housekeeper plastered him up, and he's quite himself this morning. What scamps you are! How are you going to get home? I think you had better come up on my horse. He'll carry us both."

So in a very short time Jill returned triumphantly to the house, riding in front of Sir Henry.

Miss Webb saw them from a window and hurried out.

"How can I thank you, Sir Henry? He has arrived safe and sound. I feel I shall be a white-haired old lady by the time Mona comes back. And now you've brought Jill home. I do feel so grateful."

"But I haven't been lost," said Jill in an aggrieved tone.

And then she ran indoors to find Jack.

(To be continued.)



# The Flowers of Woodland Trees

BY JOHN J. WARD

*Illustrated by photographs and photo-micrographs taken by the Author*



1. BLOSSOM OF THE ELM, WHICH APPEARS IN EARLY SPRING, BEFORE THE LEAVES

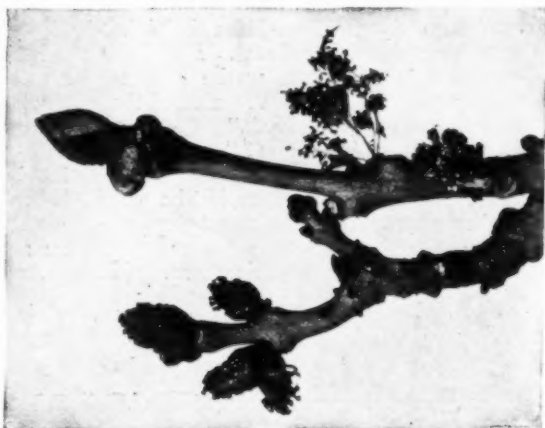
Above is shown a single flower, dissected from one of the clusters and magnified.

SINCE the Carboniferous period the various endeavours of flowers to attract insects have resulted in the vast array of colours and forms so familiar to us as choice and beautiful flowers. For the coloured petals, sweet odours, and nectar or honey are only adaptations and developments to suit the tastes and appetites of their insect visitors, produced primarily as a means to fertilisation, for plants, generally speaking, have no other interests in offering such courteous and generous attractions to their insect allies. Primitive flowers that existed before insects would be void of these coloured petals and honey, yet they carried on the fertilisation of

their seeds. And to-day there are many plants that still continue to propagate their kind without showy petals and gaudy corollas, but which, like the primitive flowers, depend upon the wind to fertilise their blossoms, like our oaks, birches, and alder; hence, these have comparatively inconspicuous flowers that our æsthetic tastes almost fail to recognise as such.

For example, let us consider the elm flowers; and we may probably be somewhat astonished to find that many intelligent people never remember having seen the elm tree in blossom. In their country walks they have seen elm trees innumerable, but never recollect having seen the flower.

Perhaps this is in a large measure excusable, because the floral organs of the elm are not at all conspicuous in their natural situation until searched for. In No. 1 illustration is shown a photograph of a few clusters of elm flowers. These usually appear on the preceding year's wood-growth, and hence they more often attain a considerable height, being most frequently found at the summit of



2. THE ASH TREE ALSO HAS CLUSTERS OF BROWNISH FLOWERS WHICH APPEAR BEFORE ITS LEAVES

## The Flowers of Woodland Trees



3. MALE AND FEMALE CATKINS OF THE WILLOW, OR "PALM," WHICH GROW APART ON DISTINCT TREES

the branches. Furthermore, they blossom in early spring, about the middle of March, well before any leaves have appeared, because by so doing the fertilising pollen is given free access to the stigmas, as the high winds of March and early April scatter it from the ripe stamens.

The flowers are red-dish-brown in colour, and growing high up against the sky are difficult to detect from below, being similarly coloured to the branches. But if these upper branches are closely observed in December or January, and then again in March, a very different appearance is presented; in the latter month the branches are thick with the blossoms, which may readily be distinguished in the mass.

Regarded from a flower point of view, elm flowers may be perhaps somewhat disappointing, yet these differ only from some of our more beautiful

insect-fertilised flowers by the absence of coloured petals, these being represented by a kind of combined corolla and calyx called the "perianth." I have dissected one complete flower from one of the clusters and show it slightly magnified (above No. 1), and it will be seen to consist of a little cup-like perianth out of which spring six stamens which produce the male fertilising pollen, which eventually reaches the two-cleft tiny stigma above the ovary, occupying the centre of the whole—although cross-fertilisation from the pollen of neighbouring trees, which in these high and windy situations is readily transferred, is naturally of superior advantage. Now, if my reader will compare the organs described in this little blossom with those found in a bluebell or hyacinth, although these latter are of an entirely different family, and have their parts arranged somewhat differently, yet the perianth, stamens, and ovary will be recognised; so that these tiny clustered blossoms of the elm are truly flowers just as the coloured bluebell.

In a like manner the ash apparently produces from buds encased in woody scales clusters of brownish stamens, but on closer observation, between each pair of stamens is found an ovary which eventually becomes the winged seeds commonly called



4. DISSECTED FLOWERS FROM THE WILLOW, OR "PALM," MAGNIFIED

## The Flowers of Woodland Trees



5. CATKINS OF THE HAZEL, OR NUT TREE

The female catkins, which eventually become nuts, show the protruding stigmas, otherwise they are very like leaf buds in outward appearance.



6. A FEMALE CATKIN OF THE HAZEL

The outer scales are removed to show the inner bracts and pollen on the stigmas, magnified.

"keys." No. 2 illustration shows the ash flowers.

Some flowers, while not specially laying themselves out for insect visitation, nevertheless get frequent visits from various insects that have learnt to feed on pollen, as may readily be observed in the case of the willows or so-called "palm," which is frequently visited by various bees. This particular shrub or tree has what the botanist terms "dicocious flowers," to signify that the male and female flowers grow apart on distinct trees. In the illus-

tration No. 3 to the right is shown a branch of the male catkins, and to the left a branch from another tree showing the female catkins.



7. THE ALDER CATKINS

Showing female catkins in flowering and advanced stages, when they become woody like a miniature fir-cone.

It will be observed that the stamens are plainly visible on the male catkins, the male flowers in this case consisting only of two golden-yellow stamens and a winged scale, a large number of these simple flowers being crowded together to form the catkin. These male catkins represent the yellow or



## The Flowers of Woodland Trees

golden palm, while the others of more silvery appearance represent the female catkins, each scale in the latter covering a silky-looking ovary. A separate flower of each, dissected and magnified, is shown at No. 4 illustration.

While perhaps the willows may now frequently be fertilised by pollen carried by bees, yet they most probably were once fertilised only by the wind blowing the pollen-grains from the male trees to those of the female. Wind-fertilised flowers always produce vast quantities of pollen, as in the case of the hazel, which, like the willow, is now frequently visited by bees. In the



8. MALE AND FEMALE CATKINS OF THE BIRCH

The female are smaller, and not so pendulous.



9. OAK CATKINS

Only the male are conspicuous, the female catkins which produce the acorns are small and inconspicuous.

early spring bees are only too glad of the opportunity of finding such rich stores of materials, whose showers of yellow pollen every one who has gathered its catkins is familiar with.

The familiar hedgerow ornaments of the hazel catkins of early spring are shown at No. 5, and while these are commonly regarded as the flowers of the nut tree, it should be remembered that these conspicuous catkins do not eventually become hedge-nuts, these being the male flowers only, which, after scattering their pollen, fall like leaves in autumn, the nuts or seeds being developed from the female catkins, which are much less conspicuous; in fact, but for one small apparent difference they can hardly be distinguished from leaf-buds. By

## The Flowers of Woodland Trees

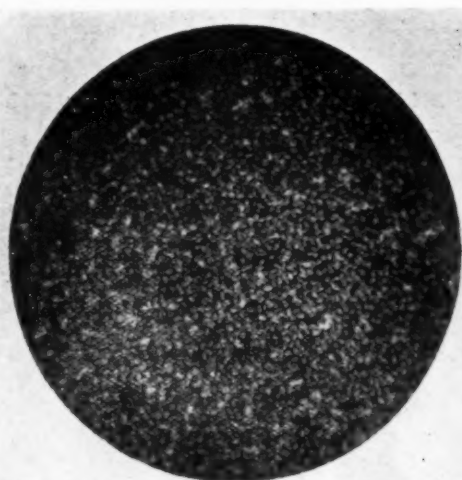
careful observation of the illustration it will be seen that some of the apparent leaf-buds have several short filaments protruding from their apex. These are the gummy stigmas of the female catkins, which are spread out to catch the falling pollen from the stamens of the male flowers. In their natural state they are of a bright crimson-red colour. After the pollen has reached the stigmas the contents of the grain are eventually absorbed by

the ovules, which ultimately become the seeds or nuts. I have removed the outer scales from one of these female catkins, and illustrate it magnified at No. 6 to show how it differs from the leaf-bud. The inner silky bracts enlarge very rapidly after fertilisation, and form the leafy involucre so familiar on hedge-nuts. On the upper surface of the stigmas the crowded pollen-grains are plainly visible.

So we see that the unisexual catkins of the hazel differ from those of the willow by growing on the same tree, although apart. The drooping catkins of the male consist of a number of scales each covering eight stamens, each scale and stamens forming a separate male flower, while the female catkins enclose a two-celled ovary in each inner scale.

This method of producing unisexual flowers on different parts of the same plant is familiar in a large number of our woodland trees. The alder, No. 7, offers another example of this kind, the male blossoms consisting of twelve stamens, and the female two ovaries, within each scale of their catkins. The female catkins form a kind of miniature cone, and can be seen in both their flowering and advanced stages in the illustration, becoming woody like a fir-cone later.

In a like manner the birch forms an interesting example. The catkins of the



10. POLLEN GRAINS FROM THE TINY STAMENS OF THE OAK CATKINS, MAGNIFIED

The numerous grains shown here would find ample room spread on the head of a pin.

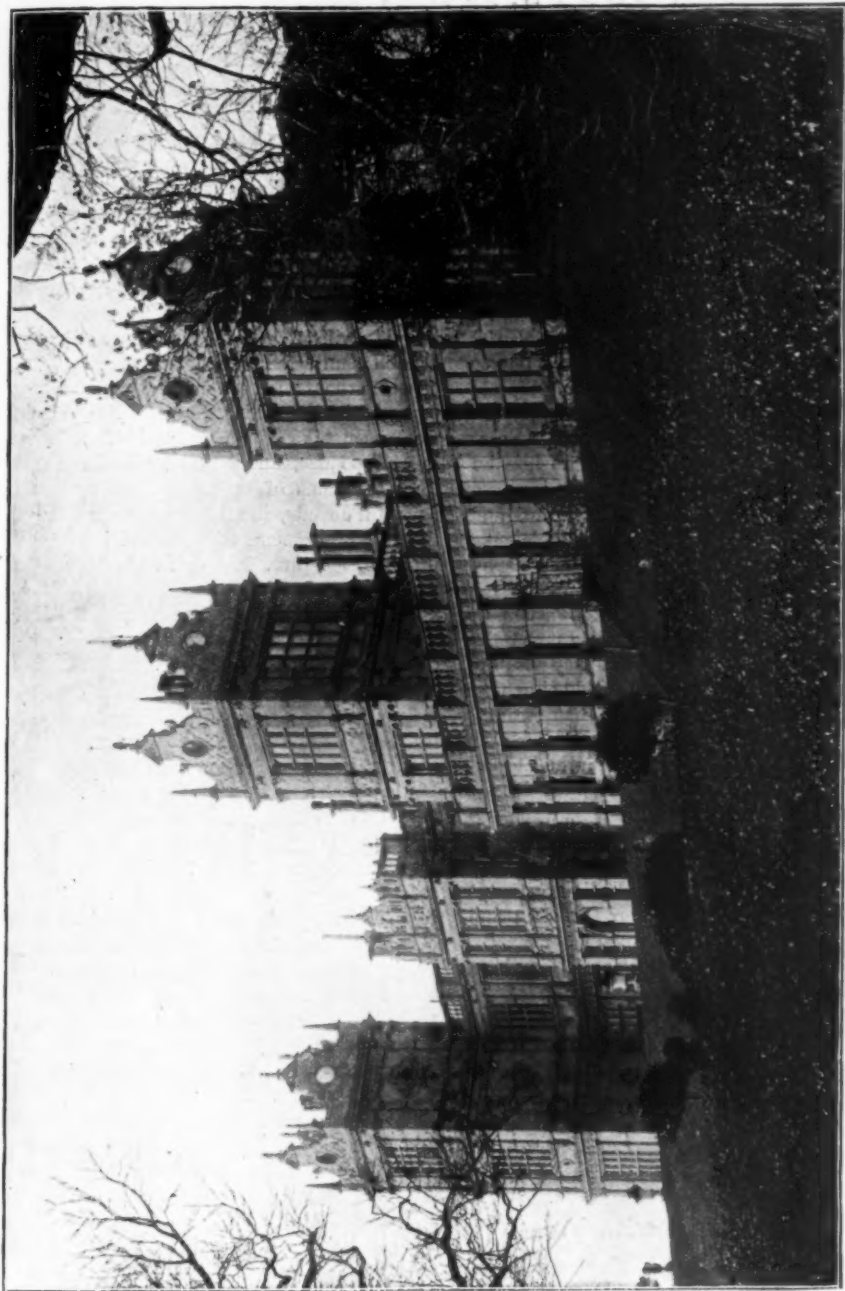
male cover within each scale eight to twelve stamens, and the female generally three ovaries. No. 8 illustration shows the pendulous male catkins which scatter their pollen on to the upright and stronger female catkins, which turn down and become drooping after fertilisation.

It would perhaps be difficult for the non-botanist to distinguish the female catkins of the oak which eventually produce the acorns. No. 9

shows the flowers of the oak, but at the time of flowering the female catkins are very small and inconspicuous, forming a sessile bud with narrow scales, the latter containing two ovaries, and although there are a number of these represented on the photograph, they cannot readily be recognised. However, the pendulous male catkins with their flowers of six to twelve tiny stamens can be plainly seen.

As a means of showing in what enormous quantities the pollen of these wind-fertilised plants is produced, I have magnified a quantity that would find abundant room if spread on the head of a pin, from the tiny stamens of the oak, and show it at No. 10 illustration; and it should be remembered that these pollen-grains after reaching the stigma send out a pollen-tube sometimes many times the diameter of the grain in length, until it becomes very like one of the pneumatic release tubes used by photographers for instantaneous photography, this tube eventually reaching the ovules or embryo seeds, when the contents of the grain pass down the tube, and so fertilisation comes about and the seeds become "set" or fruitful.

Although perhaps the flowers of our woodland trees are not so familiar to us as buttercups and other coloured blossoms, yet even these are interesting, and possess wonders of their own when rightly viewed.



*Photo by W. F. Piggott*

MENTMORE, BERKSHIRE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF ROSEBURY

# Over-Sea Notes

## From Our Own Correspondents

### Italy and the Jubilee of Leo XIII.

ITALIANS are a very sentimental people, whose imaginations are easily impressed. The most striking example of this is seen in connexion with the Jubilee of Leo XIII. They do not see in him any longer the Head of that Papacy under which their country had for centuries gradually declined, intellectually, politically, and socially, and against which they have for centuries rebelled and fought to gain their present liberty and independence, but merely a venerable old man, who is a characteristic figure physically as well as morally, and they think it chivalrous to lower their arms before him on this occasion, and pay him respect. It is generosity pushed, perhaps, to an extreme, and certainly not reciprocated by the recipients, who have never ceased one moment to conspire against the present state of things in the Peninsula. To take only the most remarkable lines followed by the Vatican policy under the present Pontificate, we find the Papacy not only the ally, but the slave of France, hoping that the Republic may one day have that *revanche* which would enable her to re-establish the Temporal Power, and again garrison the Eternal City with her Zouaves; we see that in the moment of Italy's greatest distress, when the battle of Adowa had marked a painful record in colonial reverses, Leo XIII. tried to increase the humiliation by having the Italian prisoners handed over to him by Emperor Menelik; and we have seen the Vatican deny to the present King a church for the ceremony of his marriage, and to King Humbert prayers for his soul. Even in these days the Vatican takes advantage of the kind of truce which is accorded it by its opponents, the better to organise its ranks, and preach from the pulpits, as well as through its press, against the King, and the institutions of Italy, saying that all the liberty which the Pontiff enjoys is merely fictitious.—s. c.

### The Vatican and Americanism

No one will forget the prominence which so-called "Americanism" had, about six years ago, as a movement which was, or was depicted as being, against the old and immovable traditions of the Church of Rome. It was started

by a pamphlet on the life of Father Hecker, who was a Redemptorist and founded the Order of St. Paul, and was employed in mission work and in propaganda among Protestants in the United States in the middle of the last century. Isaac Thomas Hecker was an advocate of the most liberal doctrines and embraced the broadest tendencies, principally that which maintained that Roman Catholicism must be adapted to the type of civilisation, feeling, usages and customs of each country. He thought this the only basis on which the Roman Catholic religion could make progress in the United States. His principles were soon taken up, not only in America, but in Europe also, and especially in France, but the champions of orthodoxy, led by the all-powerful Jesuits, immediately declared against the new movement, and crushed it. Its most prominent figure, Monsignor Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was called *ad audiendum verbum* to Rome, and obliged to revoke publicly all allegiance to the obnoxious doctrines, while his trusted lieutenant in the Eternal City, Monsignor Dennis O'Connell, Rector of the American College, was obliged to resign his position. The movement was apparently suppressed, both in Europe and the United States, but in reality on either side of the Atlantic it continued, often disguised under the appearance of Christian Democracy—a movement which did not deceive the devoted sons of Loyola, who recognised in it the same spirit and tendencies as in Americanism. However, in these last years of Leo XIII. it has not been possible to observe in the attitude against this agitation the same uniformity as in the past, this going to prove once more that the Vatican is now deprived of a mind having the energy to command and to carry out its policy with consistency. Thus we have witnessed the contradictory policy by which Bishop Spalding, who had every claim to be made Archbishop of Chicago, was passed over because of his leaning toward Americanism, and Father Klein, Professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, was refused the appointment of Bishop of Monaco (although proposed by the Prince) for almost the same reason, while Monsignor O'Connell, of even more pronounced opinions, has been given the important post of Rector of the Catholic University at Washington.—s. c.



### Albanian Proverbs

AN Austrian folk-lorist asserts that the Albanians have the richest and most incisive collection of proverbs in Europe. Here are a few of them:—If you fear God you will not fear man: If you do not keep your tongue at rest it is often in contact with an aching tooth: The devil was not long in finding man: If you follow a crow long enough you light on carrion: Words are feminine; deeds masculine: Words won't make the wheels of a mill go round: If you don't obey your mother you'll obey your step-mother: A pig won't spare even the most beautiful fruit: You cannot have harmony without noise: Fire, water, and governments don't understand mercy.—M. A. M.

### Medical Exams. Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago

A WRITER in the *Chronique Médicale* has dug out some amusing examination papers set to aspiring medics of past centuries. The questions are amusing, and the replies have often a brevity which must have been gratifying to the examiners. One of the questions set for an M.D. degree in the reign of Henry IV. was: "Is it allowable to dance immediately after meals?" Answer: "Yes." The following are choice specimens: "May a physician treat people in love and mad persons with the same drugs?" Answer: "Yes." In the English translation the play on the words "amantium" and "amentium" is lost. Question: "Is the exclusive use of water as a beverage more hurtful for old people than for young?" Answer: "Yes." Question: "Is it allowed to mix a poison to accomplish death at a given time?" Answer: "No." Question: "Are women physically more perfect than men?" We are not told the answer. A favourite problem to set to a student was to ask him to imagine a patient with a number of complicated disorders which he was to cure without blood-letting.—M. A. M.

### Schools and School-masters in Russia

IN the Russian press a lively agitation is in progress, with the object of improving the condition of the village school-teachers. A school-mistress who has had much experience in the villages contributes an article to a leading St. Petersburg newspaper which is regarded as a faithful portrayal of the existing state of affairs. She was sent recently as assistant to a school where the master was a married man of thirty-five years with five children. His

annual salary was two hundred roubles, about £20. He had been thirteen years in the same school. The poverty in his family was indescribable. With his family he inhabited two rooms, and the poverty and filth combined banished even the beginnings of comfort. The teacher invariably went hungry to school, and the half-wild village children fared badly at his hands. The conversation that sometimes takes place between teacher and scholar is sometimes like this:—

"Youngster, come here. You have a cow at home?"

"Yes."

"Then go and fetch a can of milk to my wife." The youngster goes.

"I say, Maria, I want you. Has your father cut that wood yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Well, go and ask him to send me some if he can spare it, as our stove is cold." Maria goes.

The teacher often pulls the children about by the hair, chiefly because he is hungry. During the day he receives visits from the parents. From one he begs cabbage, from another potatoes. Once a week the school overseer visits the establishment—not the inspector. The overseer is a well-to-do peasant appointed to the office by the community. He jokes with the children and is witty at the teacher's expense. He asks him, for example, if he has had a good breakfast. In a school of one hundred and forty boys and twenty-five girls there are altogether sixty books of all sorts—religious and secular. They belong to the school, not to the scholars. Of these, three are on arithmetic and two on geography. The school-mistress who contributed the article from which this sketch is taken enjoyed a salary of fifty roubles a year. It is not every village which can support two teachers in this munificent fashion. There is a sort of guild of travelling teachers in Russia believed to be over two thousand in number, who go about from village to village during the winter months and teach the children to read. They have had no training, and are largely travelling vagabonds who are glad of shelter and food during the long frost.—M. A. M.

### College Athletes as Travellers

ONE of the many results of the development of the railway systems of the United States was an extension of inter-collegiate athletics. Twenty-five or thirty years ago a railway jour-

## Over-Sea Notes

ney involving several hundred miles took far more time and money than it does to-day, so that few colleges thought it wise to send their athletic teams great distances to compete with other institutions. But recently—and especially in the last five years—colleges separated by hundreds and even thousands of miles have been represented by their respective teams on one and the same athletic field. In football, for example, not only do the New England colleges send their teams to institutions of the Middle States and *vice versa*, but rivalry has been opened between the east and the west by such contests as the Chicago-Pennsylvania game played alternately at Chicago and Philadelphia. The distance between these two cities is about 900 miles, and as at least twenty men must be included in a "squad," it is seen that the mileage represented by this game alone is about 36,000 miles. Such an estimate, of course, is based only upon the members of the team and the necessary attendants. Besides these, numerous supporters or "rooters" almost invariably accompany the team, so that the mileage represented by the game is in reality far greater. Baseball presents similar instances. In the early spring, when the weather in the Northern and Middle States is still too cold for the spectators to enjoy an out-of-door game, advantage is taken of the warmer climate of the south, and northern college teams are sent on tours through Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, etc. Rowing also involves considerable railway travel. The University of Wisconsin annually sends a crew to compete on the Hudson River or Ithaca Lake. Harvard and Yale meet at New London, Connecticut; and Pennsylvania schedules at least two races every year away from home. The latter University, it will be remembered, is especially noteworthy in this connexion for having sent a crew to England in 1900 to compete in the Henley Regatta—a crew that creditably represented the United States, though it failed to lift the cup.—A. B. R.

### School-Gardens in the United States

THE need of arousing a popular demand for open and attractive grounds surrounding public school-houses has long been felt by the better citizens in the United States. The school-garden movement seeks to remedy these conditions by inducing citizens, but more especially school-children, to take an interest in the appearance of the school-yard and to have personal duties in the work of improvement. The

interest of the school-children is aroused by asking them to suggest plans for beautifying the yards, and when the plans have been adopted the children help in carrying them out by individual work in the gardens planted about the school. There are two kinds of school-gardens in the United States. The first exists merely for ornamental purposes, while the second is employed as a means of instruction. Where gardens of the latter kind are grown, not only flowers and shrubs are raised, but also certain fruits and vegetables. The practical out-door work is supplemented by scientific study of the chemistry and physics of plant growth, so that more than ephemeral interest is manifested in the garden. The largest school-garden in the United States is said to be that of the Whittier School in Virginia. It is operated in connexion with the Hampton Institute for Negro and Indian youth. The land to be cultivated is here divided into small sections, each of which is allotted to two scholars, who together work it and share its profits. An accompanying benefit of the school-garden is the out-door life it affords the school-children. While primarily existing for other purposes, it has in many cases been found to rival the more direct athletic training of the gymnasium.—A. B. R.

### A Headless Hero

A MORNING'S stroll from where I write is a picturesque Indian village, with its Prince's castle on the hill beside it. One day, so the story goes, the enemy came out to fight against it, and the fighting men, taken by surprise, had hardly time to seize their weapons when the foeman was upon them. Then did one, Ratna Rathod by name, do mighty execution with his sword, till his head was smitten off; whereupon, headless as he was, he continued to fight on for four mortal hours, and slew fourteen men; till at last one of the enemy more skilful than the rest threw a cloth over him which tripped him up so that he could fight no more. And so the heroes were beaten, and the enemy burnt their village to the ground. A mediæval legend? Not at all! The widow of the hero died only the other day. The battle occurred in the last days of William IV., and the enemy were our own prosaic British troops! Yet they say this is no longer the land of romance! How Indian and mediæval the whole tale sounds, and yet who could have invented such a delightful bit of realism as the matter-of-fact Englishman checking headless heroism with a wet blanket!—J. S. S.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Red Rain

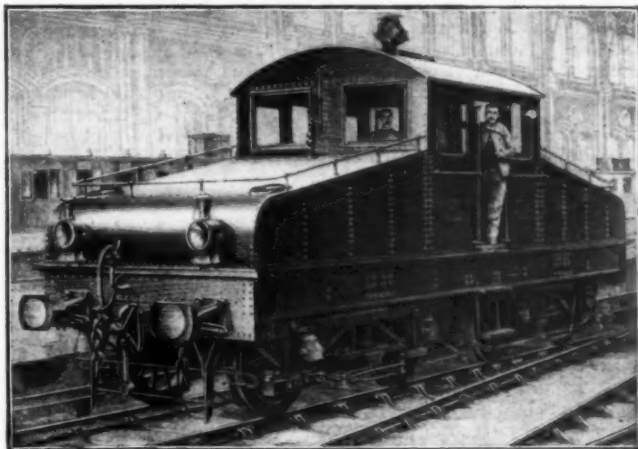
AT the end of February many observers in the south of England and Wales noticed that a large amount of reddish or yellowish dust was brought down during a rainstorm; and the phenomenon attracted much attention. Similar dustfalls have often occurred in the early months of a year in various parts of Europe. In January 1902 there was a dustfall in Cornwall, and in March 1901 dust fell at Naples, Palermo, and neighbouring places in such quantity that the streets looked red, and the people were frightened. In each of these cases, including the dustfall of this year, there seems little doubt that the dust was brought from the Sahara. Fine sand is raised to a great height by one of the "dust devils" or whirlwinds of the desert, and carried to a considerable distance before the particles reach the ground. If rain happens to fall through such a cloud of suspended dust it naturally carries down much of the material with it, and this produces the coloured stains when the rain has dried up. In earlier times these stains caused great consternation, and blood-rain, as it was called, was regarded as an alarming omen by superstitious people. Microscopical examination has shown, however, that red rains invariably owe their tint to the presence of coloured dust or of minute organisms, such as produce the appearance of red snow.

## Dust Patterns produced by Heat

DR. W. J. RUSSELL has recently described before the Royal Society some curious dust patterns which are produced upon a sheet of glass or other material which has been slightly warmed and allowed to cool in dusty air. The accompanying figure shows the pattern made by the deposit of dust when a



PATTERN PRODUCED BY A DEPOSIT  
OF DUST UPON A HEATED GLASS  
PLATE  
609



ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF THE PARIS-ORLEANS RAILWAY

square plate is used, the rays in this case proceeding from each corner of the plate to the centre. If the plate is triangular in shape a ray again proceeds from each corner, and with an octangular plate an eight-rayed star is formed. The dust produced by burning magnesium ribbon gives the best effects, but any fine dust acts in the same way and produces the same pattern. It is not necessary to use glass plates, for patterns are formed with equal certainty and sharpness on sheets of copper, ebonite, india-rubber, cardboard, and other materials. The plate should be uniformly heated over the flame of a lamp to a temperature a little higher than that of boiling water, and then allowed to cool in a perfectly horizontal position under a glass shade or other covering filled with the dust to be deposited. After six or seven minutes the patterns described by Dr. Russell appear upon the plate.

## Electric Traction

THE Paris-Orleans Railway Company has decided to prolong its electric line to Juvisy; and one of the electric locomotives built by the Thomson-Houston Company for this purpose is here reproduced from *La Nature*. We are familiar in England with electric railways underground, but very little has been done towards the supersession of steam by electric locomotive in general railway working, as in the case of the French line. It is beginning to be realised, however, that electricity as a motive power is not destined to be confined to metropolitan railways and suburban tramways. Major P. Cardew has shown that with lines communicating between important towns not more than 100 miles apart, electric traction can be introduced with decided advantage. The

U U

## Science and Discovery

power to drive the trains can be generated at fixed stations, and a large number of trains can be run, because each only uses a small fraction of the current. In steam-driving, however, the train has to carry its own power-generator; and in this fact lies the essential difference between steam and electric traction. Since the generation of power in bulk is much cheaper than in detail, the tendency in steam traction is to make each detail as large as possible, and therefore to run heavy trains at long intervals, whereas with electric traction it is best to run light trains at short intervals. For long-distance traffic the steam locomotive is therefore likely to hold its own for some time, because the number of passengers is not so great as to be able to support a very frequent service of light trains.

### The Fata Morgana

IN the Straits of Messina, under certain exceptional atmospheric conditions, ghost-like images of buildings, towers, and other structures appear in the air, the appearance being known as the Fata Morgana. To the popular imagination these apparitions are produced by the fairy Morgana, but a study of the phenomena has shown that they are really due to the variations in atmospheric density, which cause peculiar deviations of rays of light of the same character as that which a straight stick appears to undergo when partly held in water. Prof. Boccara, of the Technical College of Reggio, has made a critical examination of the Fata Morgana, and the results are described in a recent number of *Nature*. In one appearance of the phenomena as observed by him a streak of white mist was first seen, which melted like a transparent veil, revealing towers and colonnades projected upon the hills behind as shown in the accompanying figures. The buildings were really on the Italian coast at Gallico and Catona, but the apparitions were projected upon the Sicilian coast beyond. It will be noticed that the images of the buildings are erect and

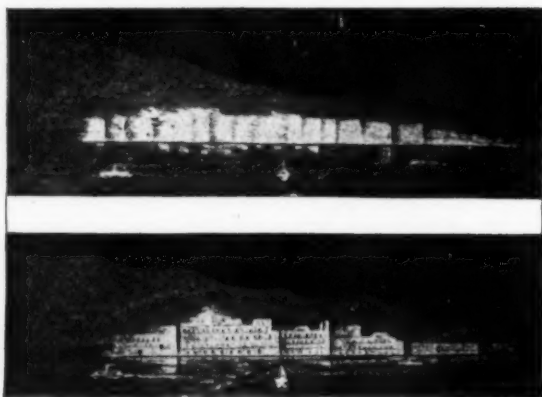
not inverted as in mirages, in which the effect is due to reflection of light from a hot layer of air near the ground to an observer whose eyes are above the level of the heated stratum. In the Fata Morgana the observer looks through a layer of air under conditions which produce great differences of density, the result being that the apparitions are seen in an upright position.

### A New Electric Lamp

GREAT interest has been shown in a new electric lamp invented by Mr. P. C. Hewitt, of New York, and recently exhibited at the Westinghouse Company's office in London. The lamp consists of a glass tube about a yard long and an inch in diameter, having a bulb at one end and sealed at the other, so that in general appearance it may be compared to a long thermometer. The bulb contains a small quantity of mercury, the vapour of which fills the tube, the air having been exhausted from the tube before the glass was sealed. Electrical terminals are provided at the two ends of the tube so that connexion can be made with the electric mains. The lamp has to be started by passing a spark from a high-pressure source, such as an induction coil, but immediately resistance has been broken down by this means, the current from the house mains is sufficient to keep the light going indefinitely. The tube becomes filled with the luminous vapour of mercury, producing a brilliant light absolutely without flicker, but of a blue-green hue which gives a ghastly appearance to every object illuminated by it. This will prevent the light from being brought into general use, though it is much more economical than other electric lights; but there is a promising field for it in photography, as it is very rich in the actinic rays which affect photographic plates.



THE MERCURY VAPOUR ELECTRIC LAMP



FATA MORGANA, SEEN FROM REGGIO, ITALY

Experiments in wireless telegraphy with a moving train have recently been carried out in the United States, and have proved very successful. It was found possible to keep the train in touch with the station for from eight to ten miles.



# Varieties

## Queen Victoria's Industry

To diplomatic and other commissions she appended her signature to the last. In no case would she countenance the proposal that she should employ a stamp. She would often travel to Osborne or Balmoral with hundreds of boxes that required her sign-manual; she would work on them continuously for two or three hours a day, and would sign two or three hundred papers at a sitting.—SIDNEY LEE.

## Queen Victoria as a Critic of Sermons

THE native simplicity of her religious faith made suspicion of worldly pride and parade in spiritual affairs distasteful to her. She was always an attentive hearer of sermons and a shrewd critic of them. She chiefly admired in them simplicity and brevity, and was better satisfied with unpretending language and style than with polish and eloquence. A failure on the part of a preacher to satisfy her sentiment sometimes proved a fatal bar to his preferment.—*Queen Victoria*, by SIDNEY LEE (Smith, Elder and Co.).

## The Shipping Trade of Japan

THE shipping trade of Japan is increasing by leaps and bounds. The steam vessels entered from foreign countries were, in 1901, nearly 11,000,000 tons, being an increase of more than six times the tonnage in ten years, and of nearly twenty times in twenty years. Of the countries to which this shipping belongs Great Britain comes first, with 40 per cent.; Japan herself owns almost as much, or 38 per cent.; Germany comes third, with 12 per cent.; United States, France, Russia, Austria, Norway, China, and other countries contribute together only 10 per cent. There is also a large trade done by sailing vessels, of which more than a third—by far the greatest part belonging to any country—is in the hands of the Japanese themselves.—*From a paper read by Mr. R. A. McLean, F.R.G.S., at the Japan Society, Feb. 1903.*

## "One Who Never Turned His Back"

MISS VIOLET BROOKE HUNT narrated an incident on her return from South Africa which is worth preserving as a literary anecdote. It gives conclusive insight into human hearts and the power of words. She was taking part in an entertainment given to some of the troops, and happened to quote from Browning's Epilogue the lines beginning, "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward." She was promptly asked to say it again slowly, and pencils and scraps of paper were produced. She suggested that they should wait until the close of the evening, when those who wished for the

verse could stay behind and she would dictate it. More than three hundred remained and took down the lines. One Tommy Atkins remarked to her, "Mind you give us a fresh one next time, Miss. Words like that stick in a fellow's head, and come to his mind more than once or twice, I can tell you." We append the verse:

"One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

## Astronomical Notes for May

ON the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 4h. 36m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 19m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 19m., and sets at 7h. 35m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 3m., and sets at 7h. 50m. The Moon is in her First Quarter at 7h. 26m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 4th; becomes Full at 1h. 18m. on the afternoon of the 11th; is in her Last Quarter at 3h. 18m. on that of the 19th; and becomes New at 10h. 50m. on the night of the 26th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 1st; in apogee, or farthest from us, about 11 o'clock on the night of the 16th; and in perigee again about half-past 9 on that of the 28th. No eclipses, or other special phenomena of importance, are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and will be visible in the evening during the first half of the month (or even till a little later) situated in the constellation Taurus, and passing at first near the Pleiades and afterwards (on the 10th) a few degrees north of Aldebaran. Venus is an evening star, increasing in brilliancy; on the 10th she will enter the constellation Gemini, passing near Delta Geminorum (a star of the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude) on the 27th, and due south of Castor (of the second magnitude, and one of the twin stars which procured the constellation its name, the other being called Pollux) on the 31st. Mars is at his stationary point on the 11th, before which his motion is very slow towards the south-west, and afterwards slow in a south-easterly direction; he is in the western part of the constellation Virgo, and will be near the Moon on the 7th, when he will be due south a few minutes before 9 o'clock in the evening. Jupiter is a morning star, being situated in the constellation Pisces. Saturn is nearly stationary, in the western part of Aquarius, and will be near the Moon on the morning of the 18th.

W. T. LYNN.

# The Fireside Club

## SEARCH PASSAGES

(From Wordsworth's longer poems.)

- "The most difficult of tasks to keep  
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."
- "Blind Authority beating with his staff  
The child that might have led him."
- "The gravitation and the filial bond  
Of nature that connect him with the world."
- "Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music."
- "Our destiny, our being's heart and home  
Is with infinitude, and only there."

A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the first paper giving the line immediately succeeding each of these five quotations, and naming source.

## MISSING WORD ACROSTIC

1. "Not to encourage a child's mind to develop and expand itself like a young —, but to open it by force like an oyster."
2. "An old — like a crimson velvet pincushion stuffed with bank-notes."
3. "I may not wish to live in crowds . . . but still I'm not an —."
4. "He might have been hung up for sale at a — fair as a specimen of a frozen gentleman."
5. "Attired in such a number of skirts that it was quite an — to walk round her."
6. "— intended me for an Arcadian. I am thrown away in society. Cows are my passion."
7. "I can't get through my meals; I have no pleasure in my tailor; I often — when I'm alone."
8. "You carry a weight of mind —, as would swamp one of my tonnage soon."

Give the eight words omitted above (all to be found in one of Charles Dickens' books), and quote the sentence most descriptive of that character whose name their initials spell.

A prize of the value of Ten Shillings offered for first correct answer.

Answers to Stevenson Search Questions in March number:—1, 2, 3, and 4, from *Underwoods*. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, from *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The prize is sent to B. ROBINSON, 70 French Gate, Doncaster.

Answers to Dickens Acrostic in March number:—1. Milk. 2. Imaginative. 3. Commission. 4. Abase. 5. Wanted. 6. Bedclothes. 7. Elephant. 8. Russia. All from *David Copperfield*. The whole is Mr. Peggotty's description of Mr. Micawber. The prize is sent to EDGAR HICKLING, Alexander Road, Chesterfield.

## ON OUR BOOK TABLE

(Books received:—*The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, GEORGE GISSING, Constable and Co., 6s. *Co-Education*, edited by ALICE WOODS, Longmans, 612

3s. *The Red House*, E. NESBIT, Methuen, 6s. *Life the Interpreter*, PHYLLIS BOTTOME, Longmans, 6s. *Kitcyk*, MRS. JOHN LANE, John Lane, 6s. *What to Wear*, MRS. PRAGA, George Newnes, 2s. 6d.)

In *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, Mr. George Gissing has given us one of the notable books of the season in its quiet way. These chapters (largely autobiographical as they are generally known to be) have much of the individual flavour of their author's style—quiet reflection, tinged with melancholy; a just moderation in criticising men and things; a delicate appreciation of small details of experience, whether pleasant or painful.

The papers are supposed to be from the diary of a retired literary worker who, having gained little more than a bare livelihood in London until he was fifty, retires then to leisure and a cottage in Devon, on the strength of an unforeseen legacy. Here he tastes with discriminating pleasure all the joys of observing nature, of musing over old books and old memories, and of making a real home for the first time in his life. The sense of rest and security this gives him, makes him wish he could add to the Litany a new petition: "For all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as dwell in lodgings, boarding-houses, flats, or any other sordid substitute for Home which need or foolishness may have contrived." The country Sunday yields to him unspeakable solace, "this difference from ordinary days which seems to affect the very atmosphere. It is not enough that people should go to church, that shops should be closed, and work-yards silent; these holiday notes do not make a Sunday . . . let one whole day in every week be removed from the common life of the world, lifted above common pleasures as above common cares."

In this little volume on *Co-Education*, Miss Alice Woods, the editor, has collected the essays of teachers who have had practical experience of such work. Whether the system, which has answered so well in American schools and colleges, is likely to spread in this country, it is too soon as yet to say; but the results of work in the twenty-nine mixed schools dealt with in these essays repay study. "The true educational problem of the country," remarks one essayist, "is the idleness of the English boy." For this it is claimed co-education with the more teachable English girl affords an invaluable stimulus, while the girl benefits as markedly in other ways. Mr. Perks' paper on the Keswick School, where about fifty pupils of each sex, boarding in different houses, work and play together, and Miss Herford's account of thirty years' work in a day co-educational school at Lady Barn, near Manchester, are the most interesting chapters in the book, which will interest all practically concerned with the education of children.

E. Nesbit's story, *The Red House*, is not so much written as sketched in colours, impressions of the idyllic housekeeping of young married lovers. Roses and honeysuckle wreath enchantingly the weather-worn and by no means rain-proof old house they live in, and love and kisses sweeten

## The Fireside Club

all the little cares of their housekeeping. The story is so spiced with humour into the bargain, that its sweetness does not satiate the reader, who will smile as he goes along, and *must* laugh with enjoyment when he comes to the eighth chapter, whose comedy we will not forestall his pleasure by revealing.

The heroine of *Life the Interpreter* thus reads the riddle of existence:—

"All that one hasn't got is bound to come some day; all that one truly *has* will never go. And when one is quite sure of that oneself, it is beautiful to be able to encourage one's bit of the world to go on waiting for *their* bright side. And how good and bright and dear things really are if we only come to look through them and don't make *culs-de-sac* of sorrows. If love is the key of the world, joy is the hand that turns it, I feel sure. To make a creed of joy and a fact of love is to win half the battles, and be ready to fight the other half. But you know all this just as well as I do, and practise it far better; so what's the use of talking? Simple things become mysteries directly you try to explain them." The story is worth reading, full of interest, and honest thinking out of difficulties.

*Kitcyk* wears the prettiest of Dutch tile-pattern covers without, while within the tranquil romances of the same Dutch-tile world are as picturesquely told. The slow-moving life of the unadventurous Mynheers and their white-capped housekeeping womenkind, among tulip gardens and flat pastures set with kirk and mill, is by no means dull though so leisurely; and Mrs. Lane's Dutch Cupid, though a thick-set fellow, is a bit of a wag, and a sure marksman, who bends his bow with a will.

The suggestions of an artist dealing with elemental questions of colour and form in women's dress are published in Mrs. Praga's little book under the, at first sight, crude title of *What to Wear*. The author has a soul above the *chiffon* and *modes* of a day, and if women would give some of the attention so often wasted on details to studying such principles of beauty in raiment as are enunciated here, each might easily formulate rules for her own guidance, which should make the whole time-wasting question of what she ought to wear, brief and easy of answer for the rest of her life. Common-sense and artistic sense are combined in this most useful and practical philosophy of clothes.



Prize Photo by

Hev Rostig

EVENING REST  
(In the Black Forest)

# Women's Interests

## The Fair Side of Labour

It is not often that one has the good fortune to see twice in a single day unrelated exhibitions of industrial objects whose production seems to bring perceptibly nearer that millennial period in commerce when work shall be a joy to each labourer and the price of the work an adequate remuneration paid gladly for a wholly desirable possession.

There is a good deal to be said in favour of the cheapening of certain necessary commodities. But outside the circle of the indispensable lies the world of art, of beauty, of decoration, of culture, and leisured productiveness, which simply ceases to exist when mechanical contrivance invades it.

To the late William Morris, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Mr. Walter Crane, England owes the revival of taste and artistry in everything that pertains to household and personal decoration. That their efforts have not been in vain the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts held once in three years for the past twenty-one years proves. It proves furthermore that English capacity for art education is practically unlimited. No country in Europe could have assembled a more interesting, suggestive and beautiful collection of objects than that exhibited in the New Gallery in London during the present year. That ladies learn to occupy their leisure or maintain their existence by fabricating jewellery, binding books in tooled leather, carving furniture, embroidering draperies, moulding friezes, shaping iron, brass, and copper to domestic uses, painting glass for window decoration or table purposes, vying with each other only in effort and love of beauty, lifts the entire world of labour to a nobler plane.

Among the exhibits that particularly impressed me was a jewel-case in walnut inlaid with marquetry; this was about twenty-four inches high and eighteen inches long; the front panel showed the brown trunks of a number of forest trees behind which a sunset effect was admirably reproduced in mother-o'-pearl. Two handicraftsmen had worked on this, and the price they asked for it was £12 12s.

On a piano in an oak-case some ten labourers seemed to have contentedly worked; on a silver triptych decorated with enamel five artists of both sexes had expended their taste and skill. The higher intelligence, mutual respect and goodwill that this fact indicates is a hopeful sign of the times. A verse inscribed on the triptych impressed me:—

"Rest after toil,  
Port after stormy seas,  
Ease after war,  
Death after life  
Doth greatly please."

From the leisured manufactures of middle-  
614

class people the carpet-weaving of the very poor in the Grafton Gallery offered an interesting contrast. Once before in these pages I referred to the carpet-manufacture in Ireland. This, begun by serious philanthropic effort, so that people starving on barren acres of exhausted land might direct their profitless labour from unremunerative agriculture to the production of textile fabrics, now promises to become a source of profit and pleasure to all concerned.

The Donegal carpets are a hand production, identical in quality and method of manufacture with the old-fashioned world-renowned Turkish carpets and Persian rugs. The wool is cut from the sheep fed on the heather-clad hills, and is spun and dyed on the spot. The carpets are woven chiefly by girls, who, when fully employed, can individually use the wool of 225 sheep in a single year. The wool is tied by the fingers to longitudinal warps stretched between parallel beams, the design is placed in front of the workers, and the carpets can be woven of any size. The price is that of the Turkish carpet, from 22s. the square yard upwards, according to the wool selected, price depending solely on the quality of wool and not on pattern or colour. As the exhibition will be over before this can appear in print, I had better indicate that the carpets can be seen on the premises of those commercial artists, Messrs. Liberty, of Regent-street, London, who have done more than can be told to improve the taste and beautify the homes of the English people.

The carpets for which special inquiry should be made are No. 21, a Celtic design in ivy and moss-green, traversed by lines of Roman red and old gold, and No. 29, the pattern copied from the Book of Kells, and reproduced in olive-green and peacock-blue, with tracery of gold and Indian red. The beauty of these designs proclaims itself to the artistic eye as melody does to the musical ear.

## ESPERANTO.

In reply to various correspondents with reference to the new language, the name is pronounced as written, with the accent on the last syllable but one. This is the universal rule with regard to accent; in every word it falls on the last syllable but one. *The Student's Text Book of Esperanto* is just out; it comprises grammar and dictionary, rules of pronunciation and exercises. It can be had, price 1s. 7½d., post free, from the office of *The Review of Reviews*, or for 1s. 6d. net, through any bookseller.

*Astronomical.*—*The Observatory Magazine* is published monthly, price 1s., by Taylor and Francis, Red Lion Court, E.C. *Nature* and *The English Mechanic* issue astronomical notes weekly.

## VERITY.

Letters relating to "Women's Interests," etc., to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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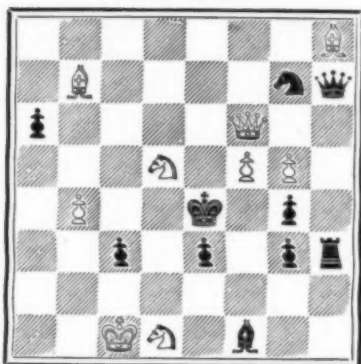
# Our Chess Page

## Solving Competition. Six Guineas in Prizes.

Third batch of problems:

No. 7.—"Winifred."

BLACK—10 MEN

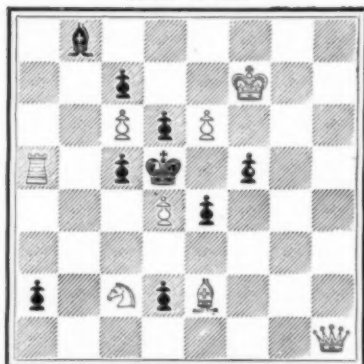


WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 8.—"Liliputian."

BLACK—9 MEN



WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

Solutions must be in our hands by July 1st from Europe, and by September 1st from Abroad.

End game by S. J. STEVENS (No. 2).

White (9 men): K—KB1; Q—K4; R—QR1; B—Q4; Kt—QR3; Ps on QR2; Q Kt 2; QB3 and K3.

Black (9 men): K—KKt1; Q—KR5; R—KB1; Kt—KB5; Ps on QR2; QB2; KB2; KKt2 and KR2.

Black to move.

A prize of Five Shillings for the best adjudication and analysis.

A bright game played in the Surrey v. Kent Match, February 1903 (Southern Counties' Chess Union Championship), between G. A. F., white, Kent, and Dr. R. DUNSTAN, black, Surrey: Sicilian Defence.

White.

Black.

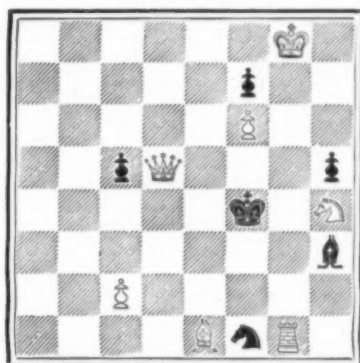
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|-------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P—K4     | P—QB4                    |
| 2. Kt—KB3   | Kt—QB3                   |
| 3. P—Q4     | P×P                      |
| 4. Kt×P     | P—KKt3                   |
| 5. B—K3     | B—Kt2                    |
| 6. P—QB3    | Kt—KB3                   |
| 7. B—Q3     | P—Q3                     |
| 8. Kt—Q2    | OO                       |
| 9. P—KR3    | Kt—K4*                   |
| 10. B—B2    | B—Q2                     |
| 11. P—KB4   | KtB3                     |
| 12. OO      | Kt×Kt                    |
| 13. B×Kt    | B—B3                     |
| 14. P—B5    | P—K4                     |
| 15. P×Pe.p. | P×P                      |
| 16. P—K5    | Kt—R4                    |
| 17. Q—Kt4   | P×P                      |
| 18. Q×Pch.  | K—R1                     |
| 19. R×Rch.  | Q×R                      |
| 20. B×KP    | Q—B4ch. winning a piece. |

Resigns.

\* Played to induce white to play P—KB4.

No. 9.—"Caradoc."

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.

# The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## ESSAY COMPETITION

"How to spend a Summer Holiday."

### First Prize, One Guinea:

Miss ANNIE C. COOK, Cop St., Ash-via-Dover.

### Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea:

D. McEWEN, 8, Burton Houses, Brief St., Camberwell, S.E.

### Four Third Prizes, a Five Shilling Book each:

Miss JESSIE WALTERS, 60 Colvestone Crescent, St. Mark's Square, N.E.; Miss KATE T. SIZER, 161 Rose Hill Road, Ipswich; J. H. CRILLY, 123 High Road, Clapton, N.E.; Miss H. MAY KEELING, The Grammar School, Bradford.

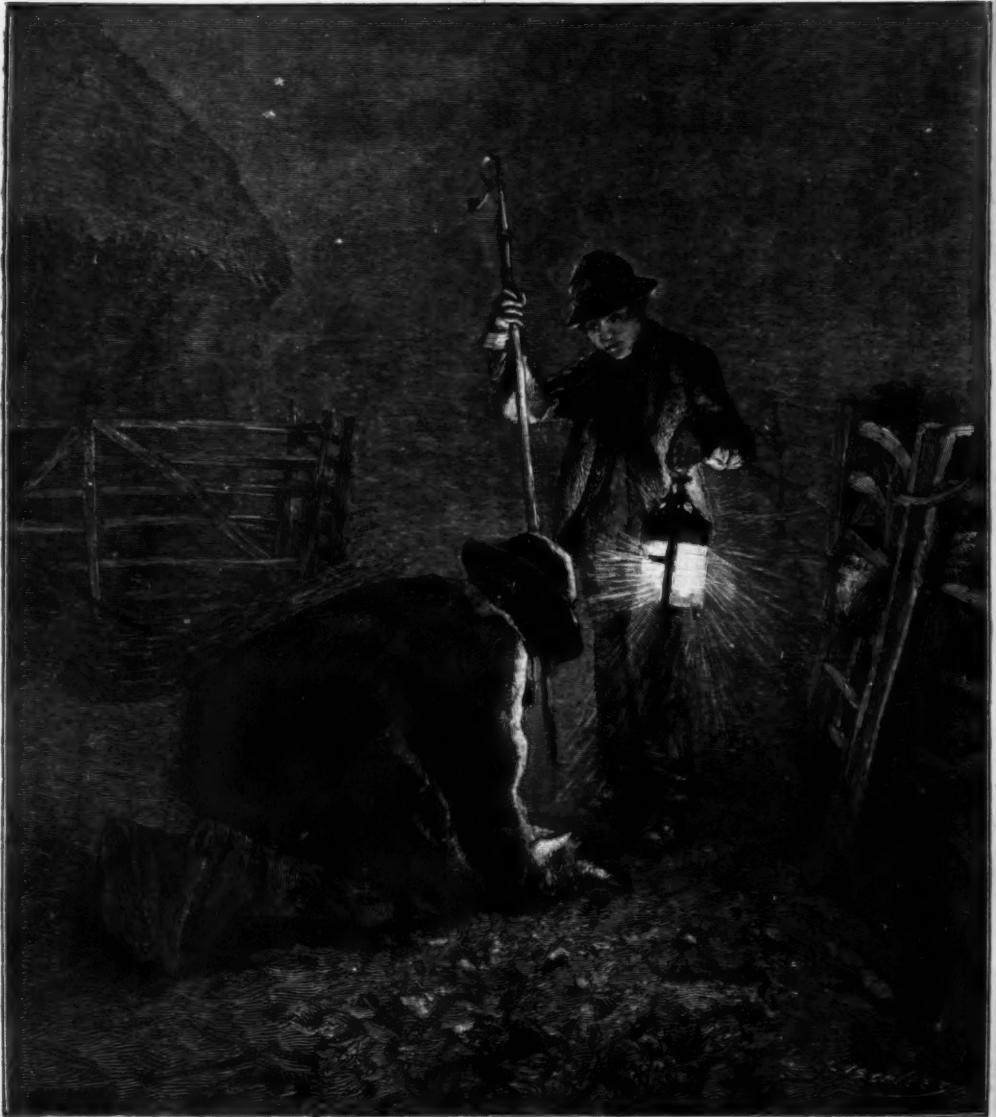
### Highly Commended:

MANIE B. HOSKYN, ANNIE WYLIE, Miss E. NEWLING, ANNETTE HILL, Miss M. GATEY, Mrs. M. HARDING, PERCY GIDDINGS.

### Commended:

ADA LLOYD, G. C. BUTLER, LOUISE WESTELL, Mrs. BARTLETT, DORIS STEWART, ELSPETH R. DOUGLAS, ELLEN MARY SOULBY, BERTHA MILNER, CHRISTINE I. PARKER, ALBERT E. ELMER, Miss MIDDLEY, Mrs. COLTMAN, Mrs. TUCKER, Miss JOHNSON (Melplash Vicarage), M. H. INGOLD, Miss J. M. LITTLE, Miss SARAH A. MIST, M. T. DOUGALL, W. E. BROWN, C. HINDLANG.

We hope to give in a subsequent number a summary of the Essays. Some competitors attached no coupon, thus violating one of the rules.



THE SICK LAMB